Epochs-of-English-Literature

VOLUME VIII.

THE WORDSWORTH EPOCH

BY

J. C. STOBART, M.A.

1/6

EPOCHS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

VOLUME VIII.

THE WORDSWORTH EPOCH

EPOCHS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

UNIFORM WITH THIS VOLUME

VOL. I. **The Chaucer Epoch, 1215—1500**
,, II. **The Spenser Epoch, 1500—1600**
,, III. **The Shakespeare Epoch, 1600–1625**
,, IV. **The Milton Epoch, 1625—1674**
,, V. **The Dryden Epoch, 1660—1700**
,, VI. **The Pope Epoch, 1700—1750**
,, VII. **The Johnson Epoch, 1742—1798**
,, VIII. **The Wordsworth Epoch, 1798—1830**
,, IX. **The Tennyson Epoch, 1830—present day**

Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s. 6d. each

EPOCHS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

VOLUME VIII.

THE WORDSWORTH EPOCH

BY

J. C. STOBART, M.A.

ASSISTANT MASTER IN MERCHANT TAYLORS SCHOOL

LONDON

EDWARD ARNOLD

41 & 43 MADDOX STREET, BOND STREET, W.

PREFACE

THE series of which this volume is the eighth may be said to have three objects: First, to teach the history of our literature in a rational and orderly manner; second, to illuminate the history of England by exhibiting the thoughts of its men of letters in their own words; and, third, to display, as if in a gallery, some specimens of the inheritance into which every English-reading boy and girl has entered. It has been too long the practice to teach English literature in handbooks which give only the briefest examples, if any, of the works they profess to describe; and our many excellent school anthologies, from their want of a definite historical arrangement, and the absence of prose, fail almost entirely to give a connected view of the development of our language. Now, the history of our literature, falling, as it undoubtedly does, into a series of well-marked periods of excellence, appears to lend itself peculiarly to the historical treatment suggested by the word 'epoch.'

My general principles of selection are three—the intrinsic merit and interest of the piece, its convenience for use in schools, and its ability to stand by itself without great detriment from the absence of context. Also I avoid those works which are likely to be read elsewhere. For this reason Scott

is here scantily represented. I have preferred Peacock to Jane Austen as representative of the novelists of this epoch, partly because the former courts selection, while the latter defies it. Severe limitations of space have excluded any attempt to introduce the unknown, and, as a result, this volume has much in common with the ordinary anthologies.

J. C. S.

April, 1907.

CONTENTS

'Nay he dooth, as if your iourney should lye through a fayre Vineyard, at the first give you a eluster of Grapes; that full of that taste, you may long to passe further.'

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

THE WORDSWORTH EPOCH

INTRODUCTION

An Age of Rebellion.—The astonishing vitality of English literature is shown especially in its power of recovery. For example, it seemed extinct for more than a century after Chaucer's death in 1400, but with the coming of Spenser it rose up more vigorous than before. So, again, when Dryden and the Restoration wits introduced the "heroic" style as the only vehicle of elegant expression—a style which the genius of Pope brought to the highest polish, so that there could be no more progress along those lines—it might have seemed, as it seems to many people to-day, that literature was dead, and that it only remained to whiten its sepulchre. That it is not so is due largely to the stubborn English power of rebellion. The pages of our history are largely filled with stories of the great rebels who have preserved our political liberties. In literature this epoch with which we have to deal is essentially an age of great rebels, and its whole spirit is one of protest and rebellion against the laws of the artificial period which preceded it. We have not omitted in the former volumes to observe the earlier symptoms of this rebellion. A share of the credit must go to James Thomson, the ablest member of the group of young men who grew up under the patronage of Pope. In his *Seasons* he turned from the glitter of fashionable life in London to describe the charms of Nature, while in his *Castle of Indolence* he revived not only the beautiful metre, but something of the style of Spenser. Both Shenstone and Dyer

did similar work at the same period. Then in the epoch of Johnson, and in direct defiance of his august authority, Gray enlarged the metrical scope of the language and drew his moral reflections from the life of the country-side. The gentle spirit of Cowper taught the love of country life for its own sake, and inculcated tenderness towards animals and flowers. Chatterton revived the old spirit of romance. Blake, with his strong personality, thought, felt, and wrote as the spirit moved him, with no regard to authority or precedent. He, too, taught, even more than Wordsworth, man's unity with Nature, and more than Cowper or Coleridge the duty of love for animals and flowers. Burns was another rebel. He sang his songs as the heart prompted, and he taught the dignity of labour and the equality of man. These were the pioneers who made the coming of Wordsworth more than possible—inevitable.

The foregoing considerations do not really detract from the merit of Wordsworth's achievement. Thomson, Blake, Chatterton, and Burns had done their work, but had not proved their case. Wordsworth had to fight almost unbroken ranks of prejudice, false taste, and artificiality. He fought them; he endured merciless ridicule and venomous criticism, but in the end he triumphed. That is why this epoch, which includes so many great names, must always bear the name of Wordsworth. Any comparison of his merits with those of his great contemporaries must be postponed until we have considered his life and achievements.

Wordsworth's Life and Work.—In the first place, we may notice that Wordsworth was the eldest of this band of poets. He was born in 1770, Scott in 1771, Coleridge in 1772, Byron in 1788, Shelley in 1792, and Keats in 1795. Also he outlived them all. WILLIAM WORDSWORTH was the son of an attorney, the estate-agent of Lord Lonsdale. He was born at Cockermouth, in the neighbourhood of the Lake Country, with which his name and his life are so closely associated. He was

educated first at a little village school, where he and his brothers were allowed to run about the country and pick up what knowledge they could. His real schoolmistress was Dame Nature. It was in these days of the Hawkshead Grammar School that he learnt to love the country, to feel his heart move with joy at the nodding daffodils, to love the song of the birds, to tremble at the storm, to rejoice at the beauty of the rainbow. The essence of a poet's character is sensibility and sympathy. No true poet can be insensible to the face of Nature; but in the case of some the attention may be directed to other objects—to love or religion, to war or wine, even to politics, according to the nature of their surroundings. For Wordsworth the hills and dales, fells and ghylls, of Cumberland and Westmoreland, and the simple peasants, shepherds, and rustic beauties of that country, formed the greater part of life. With such an education he could not fail to be a poet of Nature, but he might have remained a local bard like James Hogg, "the Ettrick Shepherd" and many another "mute, inglorious Milton," had not circumstances led him to mix in the greater world outside. At the age of seventeen his friends enabled him (for his father had died leaving his affairs in an embarrassed condition) to complete his education at St. John's College, Cambridge. Here he read more like a poet than a student, and lived more like a poet than an ordinary undergraduate. He saw, among other things, that he was not fitted for any of the ordinary professions for which his friends had destined him. France, at the time when he took his degree in 1791, was at the most exciting period of the Revolution, and had become the storm-centre of Europe. The ardent young poet naturally took the side of the people, crossed to Paris, and allied himself with the visionaries who formed the party of the Gironde. But though he loved liberty, he hated bloodshed, and the Jacobins—Robespierre, Marat, and Danton—filled him with terror. He fled from France, narrowly escaping the guillotine.

This terrifying experience cured him of the revolutionary spirit, and henceforth, though his love of liberty, equality, and fraternity remain, Wordsworth is, for practical politics, to be reckoned among the Conservatives. Men like Shelley and Byron regarded him as a traitor. About this period he made several walking tours with his friend Jones. During one of these in Switzerland he formed the materials for his first publication, in 1793, of a slender book of poems, including *The Evening Walk* and *Descriptive Sketches*. It attracted little attention.

The problem was now how to live. Two years passed pleasantly enough in rambles with his sister Dorothy, always the faithful companion of his life, to whom he owed most of his happiness and much of his inspiration. But at the critical moment, when it appeared that he would have to turn to journalism for his daily bread, the first of several windfalls befel him in the shape of a legacy of £900 from a young friend who admired his genius and wished to leave him free to exercise it for the good of mankind. On this sum Wordsworth and his sister lived for eight years, and then, just when poverty threatened them again, Lord Lonsdale died, and his successor discharged a large debt to the Wordsworth family, which left them independent for many years more. The same Earl of Lonsdale, in 1813, secured for him a sinecure—the office of distributor of stamps—which yielded about £500 a year. Finally, in 1842, Sir Robert Peel granted him a Crown pension of £300 a year. I have brought these facts together to show that, although Wordsworth had to face the fiercest opposition, this was a period when poetry had the sincerest of all values—a money value. In the last epoch Chatterton starved on poetry; in this, Wordsworth grew rich on it. We have already, in a previous volume, had occasion to remark that, wherever there are patrons, there will be poets.

Thus providentially supplied with the necessities of life, Wordsworth was enabled to pursue his literary career without

anxiety. He gave himself up to the life of a poet, and it only remains to chronicle his places of abode, his friendships, his publications and the degree of success that they obtained. For two years from 1795 he lived with his sister at Racedown Lodge, Dorsetshire, and his principal work here was the tragedy of *The Borderers*, which was refused by the manager of Covent Garden, and forgotten until its publication nearly fifty years later. Here Wordsworth first met Coleridge, and formed a strong attachment to him, so that in 1797 he moved to Somersetshire to be near the Coleridges. It was here that the two friends planned and wrote *Lyrical Ballads*. They were to consist of two parts—one to be legendary and supernatural, the other to deal with events and characters of everyday life. The former was to be Coleridge's, the latter Wordsworth's part. Wordsworth was "to direct the mind's attention to the loveliness and the wonders of the world around us." A bookseller of Bristol gave thirty guineas for the collection of twenty-three poems, and they were published in 1798. Now, the publication of this book, though for many years it was a total failure, is one of the most important events in the history of English literature. The authors are declaring war against the artificial taste of their period, against the unnatural diction, and the want of sympathy with all that is simple and natural in common life. Of Coleridge's share in the work—*The Ancient Mariner* was the longest and most noticeable part of it—we shall speak later. Wordsworth was determined to show that the poet need not use anything but the ordinary speech of his time; he therefore devoted himself to simplicity above all qualities. Such critics as noticed *Lyrical Ballads* greeted them with sneers and ridicule, which left Wordsworth unmoved.

The whole party spent that winter in Germany, Wordsworth lodging in the Hartz mountains and writing steadily. Here he began *The Prelude*, an autobiographical record of the progress of his mind. Returning to England in the next year,

the Wordsworths took up their residence at Grasmere in the Lake Country, which was thenceforward to be their home. Towards the end of 1800 a second volume of the *Lyrical Ballads* appeared, this time preceded by a long preface, in which Wordsworth explained and defended his principles so ably that the criticism and the ridicule of the critics was increased tenfold. Ridicule is one of the sharpest weapons in the critic's armoury, but while it is excellent for pricking bubbles it cannot stop an avalanche. Wordsworth pursued his way undisturbed. In 1802 he married Mary Hutchinson, a companion of his childhood, but Dorothy Wordsworth continued to live with him. In the next year he visited Scotland, wrote poetical descriptions of all its chief sites, and met Sir Walter Scott at Melrose. Another friend of this period was Sir George Beaumont, who frequently entertained him at his seat, Coleorton, in Leicestershire. In 1807 he published two more volumes of poetry, including the magnificent *Sonnets Dedicated to Liberty* and the *Memorials of a Tour in Scotland.* This time the critics howled with frenzy, and their vituperation had the effect of stopping the sale of his poems for the next nine years. Of course, if Wordsworth had been sensitive to criticism, or dependent on his poetry for his daily bread, he could not have survived; but he did. He went on working and living happily, sheltered from the world by his country retreat and by his loving sister and wife, perfectly calm and sanely confident of his place in the world of letters. He says in a letter: "Never forget what I believe was observed by Coleridge—that every great and original writer, in proportion as he is great or original, must himself create the taste by which he is to be relished." Now, this is Wordsworth's best title to our esteem, that he did create that taste in spite of tremendous opposition. That is why Shelley, Keats, Byron, and Scott—all of them probably greater men than Wordsworth—must yield the supremacy to him in the history of literature.

In 1813 he moved to Rydal Mount, near Grasmere, where he spent the remaining thirty-seven years of his life—a lovely place overlooking the lake of Rydal. In the summer of 1814, after a second tour in Scotland, he published his longest poem, *The Excursion.* The critics, without exception, consigned it to oblivion, and the public at large was so lukewarm that two editions, containing only 1,000 copies in all, sufficed for twenty years. Jeffrey himself, the best of the critics, began his *Edinburgh* article with the verdict, "This will never do." But the author was undismayed. In the year of Waterloo some of his best work appeared—the legendary poem, *The White Doe of Rylstone,* and the classical poems, *Laodamia, Dion,* and the *Ode to Lycoris.* In the following year he translated three books of the *Æneid* in the style of Pope. *Peter Bell,* though written nearly twenty years before, saw the light in 1819. It came nearest of all his works to achieving a popular success. In the same year he published his fine sonnet series, *On the River Duddon.* Three years later, after another continental tour, he published a volume called *Memorials of a Tour on the Continent.* For some years now his muse was silent. The time passed in tours amid pleasant country and visits to his friends, including a famous visit to Sir Walter Scott in 1831. One result of this meeting was the volume called *Yarrow Revisited,* which appeared in 1835.

By this time his trials were ended, his battle was gained. The old poet became an object of reverential pilgrimage, his work was read, and the critics were silent. Material honours flowed upon him. Oxford gave him an honorary degree, the Crown pensioned him, and when his good friend Robert Southey died, in 1843, he received the honour of Poet Laureate. Even the strongest of his critics in the *Edinburgh Review,* Lord Jeffrey, now made an honourable concession to his greatness. On April 23, 1850, he died.

Wordsworth's Place in Literature.—Now, surely enough has been said already to indicate his greatness and his services

to literature, and if more has to be added, it is because the younger generation of to-day, filled with the love of sensuous beauty and a craving for excitement, is apt to vote Wordsworth dull and prosy. The showy excellences of Byron dazzled his contemporaries, but they are already assuming their proper place in the category of poetry. The picturesque figures of Keats and Shelley, their exquisite music, their lovely imagery, and the depth and daring of Shelley's thought, make Wordsworth seem dull and tame by comparison. It is well to make the admission at once that there is a great deal in Wordsworth's work—and some of it the best known and most praised—that *is* dull and tame. The little stories in four-lined stanzas, with their simple little sentiments and very plain language, figure so largely in all our *Poetry Books for the Young*, that many of us take our measure of Wordsworth from them. Even the ordinary bound volume of the poet's works, with its old-fashioned mechanical subdivisions—*Poems Founded on the Affections*, *Poems on the Naming of Places*, etc.—is repellent to start with. Wordsworth, again, was one of those poets who go about with a pencil and a piece of paper, or, failing that, find a diamond ring and a convenient window-pane for impromptus and ephemeral effusions upon the smallest occasion. There is a good deal too much of the album-verse in our collections of Wordsworth. Further, we must admit, I think, that in his revolt against artificiality Wordsworth paid too little respect to art. His versification is often poor ; there is sometimes a want of music, sometimes a monotonous want of variety in the rhymes. Starting from his theory (advanced in the preface to the second edition of *Lyrical Ballads*) that there is no essential difference between the language of poetry and prose, and that Dr. Johnson's famous parody,

> "I put my hat upon my head
> And walked into the Strand,
> And there I met another man
> Whose hat was in his hand."

is only ridiculous by reason of its poverty of thought—starting from this theory, he often flings at us lines of unmitigated prose, and descends to bathos of the deepest. His theory does not admit that lines of poetry are to be judged as phrases of music, yet the reader will insist on judging them by that criterion. All this means that Wordsworth, like many poets, often wrote without inspiration. Yet when the inspiration came —and that was often—the instrument was there. His grave and noble sonnets often have a majesty that only Milton can share with him. No other can build his lofty phrases:

> "Stern daughter of the voice of God!
> * * * * *
> Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
> And the most ancient heavens, through thee, are fresh and strong."

> "Not in utter nakedness,
> Not in entire forgetfulness,
> But trailing clouds of glory do we come
> From God who is our home."

> "For old unhappy far-off things
> And battles long ago."

> "Shine, Poet, in thy place, and be content."

It is in such passages as these, in such poems as the two Odes (*To Duty* and *On Intimations of Immortality*), *Laodamia*, a score of the best *Sonnets*, *The Happy Warrior*, parts of *The Excursion*, and innumerable fair pictures of scenery, that the real Wordsworth is to be found. The pity is that he is indissolubly associated in the public mind with the children's tales—*Alice Fell*, *We are Seven*, *Lucy Gray*, and *The Idiot Boy*. Yet, if it be objected that a poet is to be judged by his total work rather than by his best, we may ask which of all the poets is a greater teacher of pure and lovely truths, which has had a nobler influence upon his generation, which has done better work for literature, which has taught to more people the healthy love of birds and flowers and landscapes? It would not be too much to say that, of all the influences which have gone to civilize and humanize the English nation, Wordsworth has been, and is, among the most powerful.

Coleridge.—Linked with Wordsworth in his work and in his life is SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. Both his work and his life form a curious record of titanic powers marred by a want of will to control them. His father was a Devonshire vicar, and the boy was sent to Christ's Hospital, where Charles Lamb was among his schoolfellows. He was a dreamy, studious, but unambitious boy, and though he became a fine scholar, he was content at the close of his school-time to apprentice himself to a shoemaker. He was, however, sent against his will to Jesus College, Cambridge. He fell into debt and into love; he gave offence by becoming an ardent disciple of the French revolutionaries, so he absconded from College and enlisted in the Dragoons under an assumed name. But one day a Captain of the regiment found "Private Silas Tomkins Comberbatch" writing Latin verses on the whitewashed wall of the stables. Inquiries were made, the poet was bought out and sent back to Cambridge, where he remained for another year. At this time he formed a friendship with Robert Southey, then an undergraduate at Oxford, and the two young men, with a third named Lovel, all on fire with revolutionary ideas, set about the reformation of the world on socialistic principles. They arranged a Pantisociatic (or All-Equal) Society, which was to form a colony in America. It was considered advisable that the founders of the colony should take wives with them, and accordingly they married a trio of sisters named Fricker. But though this provision was easily made, the one thing wanting was money, and that was scarce. Coleridge, who had been converted to Unitarianism, the religion of the free-thinker, took to lecturing, started a short-lived journal, *The Watchman*, which was soon succeeded by another, *The Friend*, and settled with his wife at Nether Stowey, in Somersetshire, where he formed, as we have already seen, a valuable and enduring friendship with the Wordsworths. It was here that he did his best work in *The Ancient Mariner* (1798), the first part of *Christabel*, and the *Ode to the Departing Year*. Their visit to Germany in 1798

led to an important change in Coleridge's mental equipment. He became imbued with German literature and German metaphysics, and on his return to the Lakes he published one of the finest poetical translations in existence—his version of Schiller's drama, *The Death of Wallenstein*. *Christabel* was published in 1816, and his best-known prose work, *Biographia Literaria*, which contains an admirable account of Wordsworth's theories, saw the light in the following year. From this point his character and his career collapsed lamentably. He became, like De Quincey, a slave to opium, and spent the last nineteen years of his life under the surveillance of a friendly doctor at Highgate. He still talked wonderfully, but he wrote no more, and died in 1834.

Coleridge had by nature two of the poet's best gifts—imagination and an ear for music in words. He lacked two great things without which the highest gifts cannot operate—health and character. The result is that his work is only enough to show what we have lost. His rich imagination, for want of mental health, tends to the lurid, as in *The Ancient Mariner*. His ear for music leads, for want of balance and moral purpose, to a luxurious revelling in mere sound. The best example of this is *Kubla Khan*, exquisite to the ear, haunting in its melodies, but incomplete and meaningless as an opium-dream.

Sir Walter Scott.—Walter Scott the elder was a Writer to the Signet—*anglicé*, a solicitor—in Edinburgh when his son Walter, our greatest novelist, was born on August 15, 1771. He was a weakly child, and lame, though in his manhood he was capable of walking twenty or thirty miles a day. The influences that really went to his intellectual equipment were the scenery of the Border and its romantic ballads as contained in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, and still sung or said in Scott's day by oral tradition in many a Border farmhouse. His formal education, however, was received at the

Edinburgh High School and University, where his reading was rather discursive than diligent. He learnt, among other things, the German language, and it was the ballads of Bürger that first induced him to try his hand at verse. In 1796 he published a small collection of translations. Though called to the Bar, and nominally practising as an advocate in Edinburgh, he spent his vacations in his beloved Border country, collecting ballads and legends which bore fruit in his collection of *Border Minstrelsy* (1803). This collection extends Percy s *Reliques* with many valuable ballads and scarcely less valuable comments. He was, however, unable to resist the temptation to improve the text in some instances, and even insert one or two compositions of his own. Scott had married a lady of French extraction in 1797. His father had died, and, in 1799 Scott received an appointment as Sheriff-Depute for Selkirk, at a salary of £300. He was now living on the banks of the Tweed. It was in 1805 that he wrote his first original romance in poetry, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, which leapt into fame at once. This series, continuing with *Marmion* in 1808, *The Lady of the Lake* in 1810, *Rokeby* in 1812, and *The Lord of the Isles* in 1815, gave Scott his decided bent towards romantic fiction, and proved that he had struck a vein of almost inexhaustible gold. The first three were immensely popular, but before the last two he had made the discovery that romance was equally powerful and more popular in prose, while the prose medium undoubtedly suited the writer's genius better than verse. When a writer has a gift for narrative, a taste for antiquarian description, and the historical imagination in the highest degree, but only a moderate share of poetic inspiration, he naturally finds prose his best medium. It is unnecessary to say more of Scott's verse, because it is so extremely well known in the schools of to-day. With its simplicity, its heroic note, and the vivid naturalness of its descriptions, it is eminently suited to give a taste for poetry to the young. Scott supplies the place of a Homer to English

literature. His power in songs and lyrics is well illustrated by the contents of this book. In 1814 he made the discovery of prose. *Waverley* was not the first English historical novel, for Horace Walpole's *Castle of Otranto* (1765) claims precedence, but it was the first prose romance of enduring excellence. It established a new branch of literature to which Dumas, Thackeray, Charles Reade, Dickens, and a host of living writers have contributed. The Waverley Novels achieved an amazing popular success from the moment of their inception. When we think of the sort of literature which then formed the sole evening recreation of thousands of country homes, we are not surprised to hear how eagerly the issue of each member of this brilliant series was awaited all up and down Great Britain. Never in the history of literature has there been such a sensation as the annual or even more frequent appearance of these novels. Here is a list of the most important, with the dates of their production :

Waverley, 1814
Guy Mannering, 1815
The Antiquary, 1816
Black Dwarf and Old Mortality, 1817
Rob Roy, Heart of Midlothian } 1818
Bride of Lammermoor, Legend of Montrose } 1819
Ivanhoe, The Monastery, The Abbot } 1820
Kenilworth, 1821
The Pirate, The Fortunes of Nigel, Peveril of the Peak } 1822
Quentin Durward, 1823
Red Gauntlet, 1824
The Betrothed, The Talisman } 1825
Woodstock, 1826
Fair Maid of Perth, 1828
Anne of Geierstein, 1829
Count Robert of Paris, Castle Dangerous } 1832

—a marvellous record of work, apart from its literary quality. One circumstance connected with the production of some of these novels deserves to be recorded. In 1826 the publishing house of Ballantyne, in which Scott was secretly concerned, failed for an immense sum of money, and Scott was liable, at the age of fifty-five, for a debt of £130,000. He nobly refused to compound with his creditors, and undertook to repay the whole sum by the products of his pen. He gave up for a time his fine house of Abbotsford, which it had been the dream of

his life to convert into a family seat; worked fourteen hours a day at the *Waverley Novels*, those scenes from ancient Scottish history, known as *Tales of a Grandfather*, and numerous other publications, including editions of Dryden and Swift, and a Life of Napoleon; and succeeded not only in paying off the whole debt, but in redeeming Abbotsford. All the time he was working at his profession as Clerk to the Court of Session, taking a lively interest in politics, and contributing to the journalism which made Edinburgh at that time the centre of the literary world. Under all this mass of work his health broke down and his brain gave way. He had a paralytic stroke. Though the Government lent a frigate to convey him to Naples for rest and change of air in 1831, he returned home to Abbotsford to die in the following year, 1832. He had been offered the Laureateship, and in 1820 became a Baronet.

His historical novels are beyond praise. They are among the glories of our literature beside Shakespeare's plays, with whom it is a commonplace of criticism to compare him. Written hastily as they were, the style is not without faults, and the author's taste for antiquarian research sometimes leads him into digression. His conversations are sometimes unduly formal, not to say pompous, and it is in this respect alone that he yields to his great French rival Dumas. But he has a matchless gift of eloquence, a genius for description, and his character drawing, rapid and bold as it is, yet presents us with a gallery of portraits only to be matched in Shakespeare. His stories, though not free from inconsistencies, are admirably conceived and told. But, above all, it is his historical imagination which enchants us, his divine gift of presenting other times in vivid colours. Scott and Shakespeare have contributed more to the virtue of patriotism in this country than all the Generals and politicians combined.

Lord Byron.—Byron was born in London in 1788. His Father, Captain Gordon Byron of the Guards, was a notorious

gambler and a rake; his mother was a woman of shrewish temper. Thus the worst possible influences surrounded George Gordon's infancy, which was spent almost in poverty at Aberdeen. At the age of ten, through the death of a cousin, he came into the title of LORD BYRON and the estate of Newstead Abbey, then almost a ruin. He was educated at Harrow and Trinity College, where his tutor's description of him as a young man of "tumultuary passions" is sufficient record. Among other freaks he kept a pet bear in his college rooms. While at college he published his first poems, *Hours of Idleness*, which, though obviously a juvenile production, was assailed with unnecessary vigour by the *Edinburgh Review*. Byron was not the man to take a blow lying down. He replied in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, a poem of venomous and brilliant satire, in the style and metre of Pope. For Pope's neat and pointed couplets always exercised a fascination for Byron, and in one of his letters he asserts the superiority of Pope over all the nineteenth-century poets. Certainly he showed that he could wield this sharp weapon as well as anyone; he slashes with delightful vigour, not only at the reviewers, but at his brother poets as well—at Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge. Wordsworth is—

> ". . . The dull disciple of thy school,
> That mild apostate from poetic rule."

In 1812, after a visit to the Continent, he produced the first two cantos of *Childe Harold*, which, though in plan little more than a guide to the Continent in Spenserian stanzas, yet contains magnificent description. It is of this poem that Byron wrote that he "awoke next morning to find himself famous." Seven editions were sold in five weeks, and Byron became a fashion. His personality was dazzling—the head of an Apollo, a graceful body, marred only by a deformed foot (yet he could ride and swim like a professional athlete), his brilliant talk, his audacious freaks, the whispers of his wild doings at Newstead, his rank, and, above all, the novelty of his literary

style, made him the darling of society. Young men about town copied his style of dress, even his lame walk. Other poems followed in quick succession—*The Giaour*, *The Bride of Abydos*, *The Corsair*, and others. He had now usurped Scott's place as the popular romantic poet.

Then, in 1815, there suddenly came a domestic catastrophe. Early in life he had loved Mary Chaworth (the heroine of *There be None of Beauty's Daughters*) with one of his "tumultuary passions," and had been refused. In 1814 he married an heiress, by whom he had a daughter, and with whom he very soon quarrelled. It was a miserable business, and Byron was to blame. His wife demanded a deed of separation, and the world sided with her. He was cut by the very people who had worshipped him. In gloomy disgust he left England for ever.

He spent the next eight years in Italy, often in company with Shelley, his most permanent place of abode being Venice, where he loved to ride upon the Lido and swim in the Adriatic. From Italy he sent home for publication the rest of *Childe Harold*—greatly superior to the first two cantos—the dramas of *Manfred* and *Cain*, and his greatest work, *Don Juan*, in sixteen cantos of *ottava rima*. His passion for liberty was aroused by the heroic struggles of the Greeks in the War of Independence. He strove to rouse them with stirring verse in *Childe Harold* and *Don Juan*, and in 1823 he went over to help them personally. Finally he gave his life for them. Malarial fever struck him down at Missolonghi in 1824, and he died at the age of thirty-six.

Byron was, it will have been seen, in his life and his work a rebel. From the circumstances of his birth and parentage, it would not have been surprising if he had lived and died a worthless profligate. There is every need for human sympathy with this great man. Fate, that had endowed him with splendid gifts of intellect, was consistently unkind to him. It is not fair to dismiss him as an affected *poseur*. He

had a genuine love of liberty. He spoke and wrote in favour of Irish grievances at a time when it was not yet fashionable to do so; he sacrificed his life for Greece. He did affect as a kind of bravado a Mephistophelean contempt for common morality in his *Don Juan*. That was his revenge upon the society which had ostracized him. His poetry is marked by eloquence as its principal characteristic. His best work was flung off at a white heat, lacking the revision it required, so that he sometimes, as in the famous "there let him *lay*," sets grammar at defiance. We notice, however, a strong tinge of conventionality in his thought and language, derived, perhaps, from the study of Pope, one of his favourite authors. For the rest he has a passion for romance, and Nature appeals to him only in her wilder moods of storm and mountain. The satirical bent of his mind appears in almost all his work.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.—SHELLEY also was a rebel against society from his youth up, but whereas Byron counted poetry among the other characteristics of his ardent human nature, Shelley's spirit was so entirely poetic that he is almost aloof from humanity, and is not to be judged by the ordinary canons of human judgment. He was the son and heir of a Sussex Baronet, and from his birth, in 1792, resisted every form of authority. At Eton he refused to do the work set him, refused to play the recognized games, refused to "fag" for his seniors. At Oxford he refused to obey his tutors, taught the doctrines of anarchy and atheism, and wrote a tract, *On the Necessity of Atheism*, as a challenge to the authorities. He was sent down at the age of nineteen. His grandfather disowned and tried to disinherit him, and he replied by making a runaway marriage with a tavern-keeper's daughter. In less than three years he abandoned her and her two children. The deserted wife committed suicide, and within a few weeks Shelley married again. This behaviour not even the poet's peculiar views of marriage and society can excuse. All that

we can say is that the original marriage with a girl of sixteen brought up in entirely different circumstances to his own was the desperate folly of a rebellious youth. They were hopelessly uncongenial, and it was not likely that any ties could bind such a spirit as Shelley's. With his second wife, Mary Godwin, who was the daughter of a Radical writer, he lived harmoniously enough, and his life was singularly pure. He continued, however, to outrage society by his opinions with the atheism of *Queen Mab* (1813) and the anarchism of *The Revolt of Islam* (1818). In the latter year he shook off the dust of his feet against England, and retired, like Byron, to Italy, where for four years he lived happily enough at Pisa, Naples, and elsewhere. In 1822, when he was only thirty years old, he was drowned under mysterious circumstances while crossing the Bay of Spezia in a sailing-boat. His body was cremated and his heart buried on the Cincian Mount at Rome.

Shelley was scarcely human. His mind dwelt continually in regions of abstract thought and with visions of a world ideally perfect in a distant future. As he was in all things essentially a poet, so his work is the sublimated essence of poetry, and the only fault—if it be a fault—that we can find in it is that it is so alien to the topics of common life. In workmanship he is unsurpassed, for he had music in his soul. His imagination presents him with an endless store of radiant images. Lonely and tragic in his life, he remained an ardent optimist in his heart. He was an idealist who saw beauty and virtue as one, united by what was to him the only thing really Divine—namely, love. Dying at thirty, he died with his masterpieces unwritten; yet it may be questioned whether the human intellect has achieved anything so great as the cosmic drama of *Prometheus Unbound*, wherein his hero is The Rebel portrayed as The God—whether there is any tragedy so deep as that of *The Cenci*, any lament except *Adonais* that is worthy to stand above Milton's *Lycidas*.

In addition to these greater works Shelley is the greatest lyric poet that the world has ever seen. *To a Skylark*, *The Cloud*, *Ode to the West Wind*, *Arethusa*, and the *Hymn to Mercury*, are some of the best-known examples of his gift of sublime song.

John Keats.—John Keats is always, and rightly, associated with Shelley. Had he lived even to Shelley's span of years he might have stood on a level with him. His sense of beauty and his skill in craftsmanship are even more refined. The circumstances of his life and his early death prevented him from achieving anything commensurate with his powers. JOHN KEATS was born in 1795. His grandfather, in whose house he was born, kept a livery stable at Enfield. Thus he is not a product of the public school or University, though it would be false to describe him as of peasant birth and no education. At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to a surgeon at Enfield. His natural taste for poetry revealed itself early. He was able to read Vergil, he loved especially the romantic tales of Spenser, and though he never read the Greek language, he enjoyed Homer in translations, as is shown by his fine sonnet on Chapman's Homer. He greatly admired the Elgin marbles, and Greek art and legends filled his imagination. It is a common criticism to say that he was thoroughly Greek in spirit; but this is wholly false. He loved Greek subjects, especially the music of Greek names; but he never learnt the simplicity and self-restraint which are, above all, the characteristic features of Greek style. Moreover, there is a deep gulf between the Hellenic and the romantic spirit, and he was romantic to the heart's core. Keats was born with a predisposition to consumption, and his brief life was fretted with the constant vision of death. Among his friends was Shelley, who appreciated his genius and entered into friendly rivalry with him. He was a member of the literary circle of Leigh Hunt. *Endymion*, published in 1818, is a gorgeous

pageant of lovely scenes and words. It is in rhymed couplets of most dexterous workmanship. But it lacks form and substance, and loses itself in the sensuous beauty of its pictures. *Hyperion* followed two years later, and the progress is striking, especially on the intellectual side. This poem is in blank verse no less exquisite and musical, far more coherent, but, unfortunately, incomplete. *Lamia*, another classical poem of the same year in rhymed couplets, and *The Eve of St. Agnes* alone tell a complete and coherent tale, and are perhaps the most entirely satisfactory for the modern reader. But it is in shorter lyrics that the genius of Keats displays itself most beautifully. Here his exuberant imagination was curbed by limits of form and space. The *Ode on a Grecian Urn* and some of his sonnets can be paralleled by none but Shelley and Milton.

Endymion was savagely attacked by the *Quarterly Review*, chiefly because its author belonged to the rival clique of Leigh Hunt. It is often said that this attack killed the poet. Byron says so, for example, in his parody:

> "'Who killed John Keats?'
> 'I,' said the *Quarterly*."

Shelley repeats it with passionate emphasis in *Adonais*. Is it true? Keats himself professed to disdain the criticisms. What man of spirit would have done otherwise? But coming upon a young man, who to the natural sensitiveness of a poet added the susceptibility of a hopeless invalid, what do we suppose would be the effect of such phrases as "A starved apothecary is better than a starved poet," "Let him go back to his gallipots," and so forth? Critics may attempt to vindicate their tribe; but the least that can be said is that these ferocious blockheads embittered the last days of one of the rarest and most hopeful spirits. Though his faithful friend Severn, the artist, carried him to Italy, he died at the age of twenty-five, in 1821, and was buried in the Protestant cemetery at Rome.

Other Poets.—The names of these five giants by no means exhaust the poetical treasures of this rich period. We have seen how intimately ROBERT SOUTHEY was associated with the youthful ambitions of Coleridge and the country life of Wordsworth. When Scott declined the Laureateship he recommended Southey for the honour, and Southey preceded Wordsworth in his occupation of it. Southey was born in 1774, and educated at Westminster and Oxford. The products of his revolutionary years, when he was under the influence of Rousseau, included an epic poem, *Joan of Arc*. Southey wrote many epics in the course of his life—*Thalaba* (1801), *The Curse of Kehama* (1811), *Don Roderick* (1812). These have almost passed into oblivion, but they are of importance to the history of literature for the metrical experiments which they represent. *Thalaba* is in a remarkable unrhymed metre, which Shelley imitated in his *Queen Mab*. *The Curse of Kehama* is in rhymed lines of irregular length. Their failure is due to the writer's lack of skill in narrative. Some of his shorter poems, such as *The Inchcape Rock*, are still well known, but the work by which he is chiefly remembered is his prose biography, *The Life of Nelson*, a work whose popularity is chiefly due to the enthralling interest of its subject. Southey died in 1843.

CHARLES LAMB (1775 to 1834) will be dealt with more fully as a prose author, but his lyrics, all too few in number, display his extraordinary tact in literature, and have a note of personal pathos which recalls Herrick and the Elizabethan song-books. He was associated with Coleridge.

SAMUEL ROGERS (1763 to 1855), is almost an anachronism in this volume. His poetic medium is the heroic couplet, and his style is that of Goldsmith's *Traveller*. He is the last representative of the previous epoch. He was a rich London banker, his comfortable house was the rendezvous of all the literary men of the town, and he himself was not the least brilliant talker or the least discerning critic among them. The

Pleasures of Memory (1792) and *Italy* (1822) are his best poems. The latter is in blank verse.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR (1775 to 1864) was educated at Rugby and Oxford. He was yet another rebel. He left his parental home to live the simple life, with variations, in the mountains of Wales. He is far the greatest of the lesser poets of this epoch, and, indeed, at any other period would stand among the greatest. His principal characteristic is the classical spirit. He was a profound scholar, to whom Greek and Latin were meat and drink. Some of his lyrics, like *Rose Aylmer* and *Artemidora*, are of flawless beauty. Landor is, however, chiefly known for his *Imaginary Conversations* in grand classical prose, betraying a remarkable historical gift. His life was strange and eventful. In 1808 he fought as a volunteer for the Spaniards against the French, and in 1815 he went to live at Florence. He is pre-eminently the one of the minor authors in this book who repays study.

THOMAS CAMPBELL (1777 to 1844), was the son of a Glasgow merchant. He attained celebrity at the age of twenty-two by his poem *The Pleasures of Hope*, but his title to fame rests upon his patriotic songs and ballads. He was the national bard of the Napoleonic wars, and did so much to arouse interest in the navy that he was awarded a Government pension of £200. *Ye Mariners of England*, *Hohenlinden*, *The Battle of the Baltic*, *Lord Ullin's Daughter*, and many others, are among the most popular poems in English, and deservedly so.

THOMAS MOORE (1779 to 1852) enjoyed great vogue as a writer of sentimental *Irish Melodies*, which captivated the hearts of the ladies and were sung in every drawing-room. He shared the public favour with his friend Byron. His longer poem, *Lalla Rookh*, an Eastern romance, is now almost forgotten. Beside this work, he wrote some clever political satires. He was the son of a Dublin grocer, was educated at Dublin University, held a Government post in the Admiralty, and then received a pension. Lord John Russell was his

friend, and wrote his life. He was witty and popular in society. *The Last Rose of Summer* is typical of the best of his *Irish Melodies*.

THOMAS HOOD (1799 to 1845) is famous as an incorrigible punster. He was the son of a London bookseller, and worked at first as an engraver, but afterwards took to literature and journalism. His most popular work was a collection of *Whims and Oddities*, partly in prose and partly in verse, very clever in its way. With all his levity, however, he could sometimes write with great power in the tragic and pathetic vein. *The Dream of Eugene Aram* is a powerful story of tragedy; *The Bridge of Sighs* is wonderfully pathetic and of a new melody in verse; *The Song of a Shirt*, which appeared in *Punch*, did much to arouse popular attention to the "sweating system." It is almost to be regretted that he trifled with his unquestionable gifts. His life was troubled by ill-health.

Prose.—The manifold developments of prose literature which we noticed in the previous volume have here dwindled to two. Oratory is under the eclipse which it still suffers. Between Pitt, who died in 1806, and Macaulay, who, as regards the date of his chief activities, belongs to the next epoch, there are no great orators. The prose drama is almost extinct; literary history is still waiting for Macaulay and Carlyle, whose best work belongs to the beginning of next epoch. Only the Essay, which includes the art of criticism, and the Novel are of supreme merit. Scott's work in the Waverley Novels has already been described, and there are only two other novelists of permanent importance—Jane Austen and Thomas Love Peacock—though many others began their careers within the limits of our period.

The first of the female novelists of England was Fanny Burney, whose work we have described in the previous volume. She was succeeded by Mrs. Radcliffe, whose *Mysteries of Udolpho* (1795) gave many a pleasing thrill to our great-

grandmothers. Next to her came Maria Edgeworth, whose stories of Irish life, *Castle Rackrent* and *The Absentee*, containing vivid pictures of society, are not successful as novels.

JANE AUSTEN'S father was the Rector of Steventon, near Basingstoke, and had been a fellow of St. John's College, Oxford. Her mother also was the daughter of an Oxford don. Jane was the youngest of seven children, of whom two went to sea and became Admirals in due course, one was a clergyman, another was adopted by a rich relative, and the eldest, James, stayed at home, and, being fond of literature, did much to form his sister's taste. Jane's elder sister, Catherine, was her particular favourite, and shared all her thoughts and life. This happy household was the novelist's little world, and its history was her history until her death in her forty-second year, 1817. A life so circumscribed naturally limited her outlook, but while it limited it focussed her vision very clearly upon what she undertook to describe, and the result is a perfectly charming picture of family life in the country. We do not expect, and we do not find, thrilling adventures, but we do find a most loving care expended upon the delineation of character and manners. The authoress deserves credit for not attempting—as our rash novelists of to-day attempt—to describe scenes with which they can have no acquaintance. Her great novels, in the order of their production, are: *Sense and Sensibility* (1811), *Pride and Prejudice* (1813), *Mansfield Park* (1814), *Emma* (1816), *Persuasion* (1817), and *Northanger Abbey* (1818). These books are all concerned with simple life and the simplest problems of life—the loves, disappointments, and marriages of young women and men. It is perhaps her quiet humour which chiefly endears her to the modern reader. Consider, for example, this sentence, the third sentence in *Northanger Abbey*: "Her father was a clergyman, without being neglected, or poor, and a very respectable man, though his name was Richard, and he had never been handsome." The love of Jane Austen is per-

haps the surest touchstone of culture, for it means the love of truth.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK is not, and never was, a popular author. He is for the scholar, the man of leisure, and the literary antiquarian, an abiding source of delight. He is not a professional novelist who sets out to tell a story and hurries along to get it told, but a leisurely person, full of good sense and humour of a satirical kind, who adopts a mildly fictional form to discourse his opinions upon things like art, literature, politics, and wine. Peacock was born at Weymouth in 1785, and was educated at a private school. He often gibes at the Universities, but he acquired by his own energies an extraordinary wealth of knowledge in the literature of all countries. He had already written poetry, but was nearly thirty before he began to write his "novels." His first important novel, *Headlong Hall*, was written in 1816, and *Nightmare Abbey* in 1818. In the following year, on the strength of his literary talents, the Directors of the East India Company gave him a post worth at first £800 a year, and afterwards more than £2,500, with a pension. Strange as this appointment may seem, it was amply justified, for Peacock was the man who started a steam service to India, and his work in his office was long and faithful. In 1822 he wrote *Maid Marian*, a cynical story of Robin Hood's day. Seven years later *The Misfortunes of Elphin* (probably his best work) dealt with the Arthurian legends in an unconventional spirit. *Crotchet Castle* was written in 1831, and finally, after an interval of thirty years, *Gryll Grange*. He lived a retired life, among his friends being Lord Broughton, Shelley, and Leigh Hunt. Shelley is said to be the original of the character of Scythrop in *Nightmare Abbey*. Peacock is essentially a satirist, and the favourite objects of his satire were the Radical notions of his day, especially such politicians as Lord Brougham and Lord John Russell. The "Lake poets" come in for their share of ridicule. Some of Peacock's songs, scattered up and down his novels, such as the

drinking songs in *Elphin, Love and Age* in *Gryll Grange*, the *Massacre of Macpherson*, and the *War Song of Dinas Vawr*, are unrivalled for vigour and point.

The Essay (Lamb, De Quincey, Hazlitt).—The form of literature which we call the Essay was brought into prominence by Addison in the *Spectator*, pursued by Johnson in the *Rambler*. Its best representative here is CHARLES LAMB, who is, indeed, the best exponent of the lighter forms of prose literature. Born of humble parentage in 1775, he was educated at Christ's Hospital with Coleridge, and then obtained a clerkship in the East India House, which he held until his retirement in 1825. He had to support his mother and his sister Mary. The whole family inherited a taint of madness; Charles was for a short time in an asylum, and one day in a fit of madness Mary Lamb picked up a knife and stabbed her mother to death. Charles Lamb devoted the rest of his life to the care of his afflicted sister, and never married. She had something of his literary gifts, and they worked together over the ever popular *Tales from Shakespeare*. The study of Elizabethan writers also bore fruit in a play, *John Woodvil*, a work called *Specimens of the Drama*, and many fine lyrics, such as the *Lines to Hester*. His principal work, however, consists of the *Essays* which he contributed to the *London Magazine* under the pseudonym of Elia, which name he took from that of a former clerk at the India House. These essays are the most charming product of all journalism—light and graceful in tone, exquisite in style, and filled with the personality of a very delightful man. In the *Essays of Elia* we feel that we are talking with a familiar friend. The acuteness and refinement of Lamb's literary taste is one of his best features. He died in 1834.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY was the son of a Manchester merchant, and was educated at Manchester Grammar School, where he became a remarkably fine scholar; but at the age of seventeen (1802) he ran away, and tried to live by his wits in London.

He was discovered in great distress, and sent to Oxford. Here he lived like a hermit, and in his second year took to opium as a relief from neuralgia. To this drug he became a slave, and by the time he was thirty his daily dose was a quantity sufficient to poison forty people. Having left the University without a degree, though a brilliant scholar, his friendship with Coleridge and Wordsworth drew him to the Lake Country, where he lived for nearly twenty years, reading and dreaming his opium dreams. In 1821 his *Confessions of an English Opium Eater* appeared in the *London Magazine*, and created a profound sensation, no less by the strange secrets they disclosed than by the magic of their style. De Quincey is one of the great masters of English prose. On the staff of the *London Magazine*, to which he now became a regular contributor, were Lamb, Hood, and Hazlitt, who became his personal friends. Professor Wilson, known to fame as "Christopher North," invited him to go to Edinburgh, and the rest of his life was passed in Scotland. He had married a very brave and sensible wife, who helped him to fight against his tyrant vice; but about 1837 she died, and left him with six children. He lived —in spite of his irregular life—to the age of seventy-four, dying at Edinburgh in 1859. Except for his one weakness, he was in no sense a bad man; everybody liked him, and he loved and was loved by his children. The only other work which is now known beside the *Opium Eater* and his autobiographical sketches are *Levana; or, Our Ladies of Sorrow* and *Suspiria de Profundis*. It should be added that, like most works entitled *Confessions*—those of Rousseau, for example —De Quincey's great work partakes more of the nature of a defence than of a confession. The secret of the charm of this great work is the egoism of an interesting character, as it is with most of the great prose writers—Sir T. Browne, Charles Lamb, Ruskin, Stevenson, Augustine, Rousseau, and Goldsmith.

WILLIAM HAZLITT, the son of a Unitarian minister, born in

1778, was a lecturer and journalist. He made Shakespeare and the Elizabethans his especial study, and developed a remarkably sane critical judgment combined with a clear, unadorned prose style. His principal works are *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays* (1817) and *Table Talk* (1822).

LEIGH HUNT was another important journalist of the period (1784 to 1859). He was educated with Coleridge and Lamb at Christ's Hospital, and then wrote on the staff of the *Examiner*. For describing the Regent too faithfully as "a fat Adonis of fifty" he tasted prison, yet afterwards he received one of those Crown pensions which seem to have been so freely bestowed in those days upon literary merit. He gathered round him, by virtue of his charming conversation, a distinguished circle of liberal bards, including Keats, Shelley, Byron, and Moore. His delightful autobiography is the work upon which his present fame depends.

The king of the orthodox school of critics was FRANCIS JEFFREY, who lived in Edinburgh and edited the *Edinburgh Review*. He and his henchmen opposed Wordsworth, Scott's *Marmion*, and Keats. In fact, they stood for poetry of the old order, and this they defended with vigour and shrewdness, although the deciding voice of posterity has judged them to be in the wrong. He represented Edinburgh in Parliament, and became a judge under the title of Lord Jeffrey.

Nor can we forget to mention SYDNEY SMITH, though he has been somewhat unkindly treated by our generation, which has fastened upon him all the sorriest jests of the pre-Adamite punster. He was, as a matter of fact, a scholar—educated at Winchester and New College—a journalist, an essayist, a lecturer, a preacher, and a gentleman. Among other things, he was a Canon of St. Paul's and a contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*.

Besides these, there are many other names which seem to call for mention. Names that we can but record include the novelists "Monk" Lewis and John Galt; the historians

Hallam, Milman, and Grote; the dramatists Sheridan Knowles and Talfourd; the poets Bishop Heber, Kirke White, Felicia Hemans, and Ebenezer Elliot; the author of the ever popular *Ingoldsby Legends*, the Rev. Richard Barham; and the philosopher Archbishop Whately. But at this period it is still difficult to discriminate between the permanent and the ephemeral. It seems quite clear that works of scientific character—history and philosophy, for example—must in the course of time be superseded and extinct. The winnowing-fan is with Time, and Time has not yet "throughly purged his floor."

Summary.—But in the consideration of the indubitable giants, three facts have stood out as of supreme importance, marking the special characteristics of this period—namely, the spirit of rebellion, the spirit of romance, and the love of Nature.

1. I have already shown what I mean by saying that this is an age of great rebels. Rebellion, typified for Europe by the French Revolution, and echoed feebly in England by such minor events as the Gordon Riots, the march of the Blanketeers, and the Peterloo massacre, shows itself somehow or other in the mental equipment of almost all our heroes. Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge flung the ardent sympathies of youth into the revolutionary cause, and retired, at last disillusioned, into Conservatism, and to seek finally their liberty in the winds and birds of heaven, their fraternity in the love of Nature, and their equality in the contemplation of peasant virtues. Byron and Shelley, born a little later, imbibed the spirit of rebellion with their mothers' milk, and betrayed it in open war against society, conducted according to their several temperaments. Shelley lost himself in dreams of a regenerated world. Byron adopted a tone of cynical wickedness, and endeavoured to shock the ladies who had ostracized him.

2. Possibly—but only possibly—from similar motives men

like Scott and Keats cast their visions backward into the past, and drew consolation from romance. The eye of romance sees the world through tinted glasses, rejecting all that is ugly and commonplace, and thereby, of course unconsciously, distorting the truth. To the romantic writer the Middle Ages are represented by the stainless knight in bright armour, superbly mounted with lance in rest for the redressing of ladies' wrongs. Such was the past for Scott. For Keats it was a world of lovely Greeks, mortal and divine, of cool caverns, green lawns, and radiant sunshine. The essence of his faith is simply the first line of *Endymion*—"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever"; and he set himself to create pictures of beauty to enchant a world full of pain, wickedness, and disease.

3. The love of Nature is one of the abiding characteristics of English poetry. The reader will remember how Chaucer worshipped the daisy—

> "Kneeling alway till it unclosèd was
> Upon the smallë, softë, swotë grass."

Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton found their loveliest images in the sounds and sights of country life. Then for a time, when the gaieties of a Restoration Court attracted all men of talent to London, while the Civil Wars had ruined the countryside, that love of Nature is temporarily eclipsed. It returns, however, as anything genuinely national is bound to return, in Thomson, Gray, and Cowper of the last epoch, and here we have seen how Wordsworth re-established it. The cardinal point of Wordsworth's doctrine is the sympathy, or even unity, between man and Nature. Without precisely formulating the old Epicurean doctrine of the great World Spirit, as sung by Vergil in his sixth *Æneid*—*Mens agitat molem*—and revived by the Neo-Platonists of the Renaissance, he contrives to combine a poetical Pantheism with a Christian orthodoxy in religion. To Shelley—who pretended to no orthodoxy whatever—all animate Nature, including man, was struggling for liberty against gods that were tyrants, and priests and

Kings that were their ministers and executioners. For him there was one real god behind all these, and that was Love.

That the reader may be enabled to study this point, I have put the *Ode to a Nightingale* of Keats alongside Shelley's *Ode to a Skylark*, and Wordsworth's poem of the same title. The notes to those poems will indicate the essential difference in their methods of treatment.

It may be questioned whether modern poets have not overdone the note of Nature-worship, and turned the minds of their disciples to a vague and fictitious paganism. If it is a mark of humanity to be stirred by a fine sunset, it is the mark of savagery to worship the sun. Wordsworth's doctrine of the sympathy between man and Nature has been called "the Pathetic Fallacy," and condemned as an affectation. From the point of view of art this is vain criticism. The portrayal of landscape may be an object in itself, but unquestionably the Italian painters who used landscape as a background made the truest use of it.

It only remains to notice two almost inconsistent effects of this great outburst of poetry upon the mental equipment of our generation. By the character of their work, no less than by their personal characters, this group of poets has widened the gulf between the cultured part of English society and the infinitely larger part which prefers to call itself "practical." Much of the intellectual liberalism, freedom of thought, and cosmopolitanism of our thinking men and women is directly due to Shelley and Byron. On the other hand, it is owing largely to Wordsworth and Shelley that the name of "poet" is almost a byword of reproach among the general public. This is due partly to the unsatisfactory lives as members of society of so many of the poets of this epoch, and partly to the fact that the Nature-school of poetry appears—and not undeservedly—to many ordinary people as a feeble sentimentalism, a babbling of green fields, more and more out of touch with lives spent more and more in great cities.

I.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

ODE ON INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight
To me did seem
Apparell'd in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it has been of yore;—
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more!

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath pass'd away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,

To me alone there came a thought of grief:
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong.
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep,—
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong:
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday;—
Thou child of joy
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
Shepherd boy!

Ye blesséd creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
O evil day! if I were sullen
While Earth herself is adorning
This sweet May morning;
And the children are pulling
On every side
In a thousand valleys far and wide
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm:—
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
—But there's a tree, of many, one,
A single field which I have look'd upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone:

The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat:
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar.
Not in entire forgetfulness
And not in utter nakedness
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy,
The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a mother's mind
And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate, Man,
Forget the glories he hath known
And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,
A six years' darling of a pigmy size!

See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learnéd art;
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral;
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song:
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little actor cons another part;
Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"
With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
That life brings with her in her equipage;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity;
Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted for ever by the eternal Mind,—
Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest
Which we are toiling all our lives to find;
Thou, over whom thy immortality
Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
A presence which is not to be put by;
Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,

Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That Nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest,
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:
—Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings,
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts, before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprized:
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing;
Uphold us—cherish—and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence: truths that wake
To perish never;

Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour
Nor man nor boy
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence, in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither;
Can in a moment travel thither—
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then, sing ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We, in thought, will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower:
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind,
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be,
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering,
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
Forbode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquish'd one delight

To live beneath your more habitual sway;
I love the brooks which down their channels fret
Even more than when I tripp'd lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet;
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

II.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

ODE TO DUTY.

Stern Daughter of the voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free,
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth:

Glad hearts! without reproach or blot,
Who do thy work and know it not:
O! if through confidence misplaced
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power! around them cast.

Serene will be our days, and bright
And happy will our nature be
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Ev'n now who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed;
Yet find that other strength, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried,
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust:
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferr'd
The task, in smoother walks to stray;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy controul.
But in the quietness of thought
Me this uncharter'd freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance desires:
My hopes no more must change their name;
I long for a repose which ever is the same.

Stern lawgiver! Yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face:

Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the Stars from wrong;
And the most ancient Heavens, through thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call thee: I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
O let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of Truth thy bondman let me live.

III.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

SONNETS.

(i.) On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic, 1802.

Once did she hold the gorgeous East in fee;
And was the safeguard of the West: the worth
Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
Venice, the eldest Child of Liberty.
She was a maiden City, bright and free;
No guile seduced, no force could violate;
And, when she took unto herself a mate,
She must espouse the everlasting Sea.
And what if she had seen those glories fade,
Those titles vanish, and that strength decay;
Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid
When her long life hath reach'd its final day:
Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade
Of that which once was great is pass'd away.

(ii.) ENGLAND, 1802.

O Friend! I know not which way I must look
For comfort, being, as I am, opprest.
To think that now our life is only drest
For show; mere handiwork of craftsman, cook,
Or groom!—We must run glittering like a brook
In the open sunshine, or we are unblest:
The wealthiest man among us is the best:
No grandeur now in nature or in book
Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
This is idolatry; and these we adore:
Plain living and high thinking are no more:
The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone: our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws.

(iii.) THE SAME.

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour:
England hath need of thee: she is a fen
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
O raise us up, return to us again,
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power!
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

(iv.)

When I have borne in memory what has tamed
  Great Nations, how ennobling thoughts depart
  When men change swords for ledgers, and desert
The student's bower for gold, some fears unnamed
I had, my Country—am I to be blamed?
    Now, when I think of thee, and what thou art,
    Verily, in the bottom of my heart,
Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.
For dearly must we prize thee; we who find
    In thee a bulwark for the cause of men;
    And I by my affection was beguiled:
    What wonder if a Poet, now and then,
Among the many movements of his mind,
    Felt for thee as a lover or a child!

(v.)

The World is too much with us; late and soon,
  Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
  Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
    The winds that will be howling at all hours
    And are up-gather'd now like sleeping flowers,
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
    A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,—
    So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
    Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
    Or hear old Triton blow his wreathéd horn.

IV.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

LYRICS OF NATURE.

(i.) The Daffodils.

I wander'd lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:—
A Poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company!
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought;

For oft when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

(ii.) THE REAPER.

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands:
No sweeter voice was ever heard
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again!

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;
I listen'd till I had my fill;
And as I mounted up the hill
The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.

(iii). The Green Linnet.

Beneath these fruit-tree boughs that shed
Their snow-white blossoms on my head,
With brightest sunshine round me spread
Of spring's unclouded weather,
In this sequester'd nook how sweet
To sit upon my orchard-seat!
And flowers and birds once more to greet,
My last year's friends together.

One have I mark'd, the happiest guest
In all this covert of the blest:
Hail to Thee, far above the rest
In joy of voice and pinion!
Thou, Linnet! in thy green array
Presiding Spirit here to-day,
Dost lead the revels of the May,
And this is thy dominion.

While birds, and butterflies, and flowers
Make all one band of paramours,
Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,
Art sole in thy employment;
A Life, a Presence like the air,
Scattering thy gladness without care,
Too blest with any one to pair,
Thyself thy own enjoyment.

Amid yon tuft of hazel trees
That twinkle to the gusty breeze,
Behold him perched in ecstasies
Yet seeming still to hover;
There, where the flutter of his wings
Upon his back and body flings
Shadows and sunny glimmerings,
That cover him all over.

My dazzled sight he oft deceives—
A brother of the dancing leaves;
Then flits, and from the cottage-eaves
Pours forth his song in gushes,
As if by that exulting strain
He mock'd and treated with disdain
The voiceless form he chose to feign
While fluttering in the bushes.

(iv.) To the Skylark.

Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
Or while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

To the last point of vision, and beyond
Mount, daring warbler!—that love-prompted strain
—'Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond—
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain:
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege! to sing
All independent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
A privacy of glorious light is thine,
When thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine;
Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam—
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!

V.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

PART I.

IT is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

"The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone:
He cannot chuse but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

"The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

"The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

"Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon——"
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot chuse but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man
The bright-eyed Mariner.

"And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

"With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

"And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

"And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

"The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!

"At length did cross an Albatross,
Thorough the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

"It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

"And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo!

"In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white
Glimmered the white moon-shine."

"God save thee, ancient Mariner,
From the fiends, that plague thee thus!—
Why look'st thou so?"—"With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross."

PART II.

"The Sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

"And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariners' hollo!

"And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

"Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious Sun uprist:
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

"The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

"Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

"All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

"Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

"Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

"The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

"About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

"And some in dreams assuréd were
Of the Spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

"And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

"Ah! well-a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

PART III.

"There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

"At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

"A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged, and tacked, and veered.

"With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

"With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call:
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

"See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal—
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

"The western wave was all aflame,
The day was well-nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad, bright Sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

"And straight the Sun was flecked with bars
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

"Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossameres?

"Are those her ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that Woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that woman's mate?

"Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

"The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
'The game is done! I've won! I've won!'
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

"The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

"We listened and looked sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till cloam above the eastern bar
The hornéd Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

"One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

"Four times fifty living men
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan),
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

"The souls did from their bodies fly—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!"

PART IV.

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

"I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown."—
"Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest!
This body dropt not down.

"Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on the wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

"The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

"I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

"I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

"I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

"The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

"An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

"The moving moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide;
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

"Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charméd water burned away
A still and awful red.

"Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

"Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

"O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware:
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

"The selfsame moment I could pray:
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

PART V.

"O sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

"The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I awoke, it rained.

"My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

"I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

"And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

"The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about!
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

"And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud;
The Moon was at its edge.

"The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The Moon was at its side;
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

"The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the Moon
The dead men gave a groan.

"They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

"The helmsman steered, the ship moved on;
Yet never a breeze up blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

"The body of my brother's son
Stood by me knee to knee:
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said nought to me."

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!"
"Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest:
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of Spirits blest:

"For when it dawned—they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

"Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the Sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

"Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

"And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

"It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

"Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

"Under the keel nine fathoms deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid: and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

"The Sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean:
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion—

Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

"Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound:
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swound.

"How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard, and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

"'Is it he?' quoth one, 'is this the man?
By Him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross.

"'The Spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow.'

"The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew:
Quoth he, 'The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.'"

PART VI.

First Voice.

"'But tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the ocean doing?'

Second Voice.

"'Still as a slave before his lord.
The ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the Moon is cast—

"'If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him.'"

First Voice.

"'But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?'

Second Voice.

"'The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

"'Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated:
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated.'

"I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather:
'Twas night, calm night, the Moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

"All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter:
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the Moon did glitter.

"The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away:
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

"And now the spell was snapt: once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

"Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round, walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows, a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

"But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

"It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

"Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

"Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The lighthouse top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

"We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.

"The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the Moon.

"The rock shone bright, the kirk no less
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

"And the bay was white with silent light
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

"A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were:
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

"Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy Rood!
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

"This seraph-band, each waved his hand:
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light;

"This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart—
No voice; but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

"But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the Pilot's cheer;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

"The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast:
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
That dead men could not blast.

"I saw a third—I heard his voice:
It is the Hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood."

PART VII.

"This hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

"He kneels at morn, at noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump:
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

"The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk,
'Why, this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now?'

"'Strange, by my faith!' the Hermit said—
'And they answered not our cheer!
The planks look warped! and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere!
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

"'Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young.'

"'Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look—
(The Pilot made reply)
I am a-feared.'—'Push on, push on!'
Said the Hermit cheerily.

"The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

"Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread:
It reached the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.

"Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat.

"Upon the whirl, where sank the ship
The boat spun round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

"I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit;
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

"I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
'Ha! ha!' quoth he, 'full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row.'

"And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land!
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

"O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!
The Hermit crossed his brow.
'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou?'

"Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

"Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns:
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

"I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

"What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there:
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are:
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

"O Wedding-Guest, this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God Himself
Scarce seemèd there to be.

"O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

"To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

"Farewell, farewell, but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man, and bird, and beast.

"He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone: and now the Wedding-Guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.

VI.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

KUBLA KHAN.

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But O, that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced;
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail;
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:

And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice
A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive with me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me
That with music loud and long
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware, beware
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice
And close your eyes with holy dread;
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise!

VII.

CHARLES LAMB.

(i.) THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a Love once, fairest among women:
Closed are her doors on me—I must not see her—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man:
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood,
Earth seem'd a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces,

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

(ii.) HESTER.

When maidens such as Hester die
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try
With vain endeavour.
A month or more hath she been dead,
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed
And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate
That flush'd her spirit:

I know not by what name beside
I shall it call; if 'twas not pride,
It was a joy to that allied
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule
Which doth the human feeling cool;
But she was train'd in Nature's school,
Nature had blest her.
A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind;
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbour! gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet, as heretofore
Some summer morning—
When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that would not go away,
A sweet fore-warning?

VIII.

CHARLES LAMB.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

(FROM THE "ESSAYS OF ELIA").

EVERY man hath two birthdays: two days, at least, in every year, which set him upon revolving the lapse of time, as it affects its mortal duration. The one is that which in an especial manner he termeth *his*. In the gradual desuetude of old observances, this custom of solemnizing our proper birthday hath nearly passed away,

or is left to children, who reflect nothing at all about the matter, nor understand anything in it beyond cake and orange. But the birth of a New Year is of an interest too wide to be pretermitted by king or cobbler. No one ever regarded the First of January with indifference. It is that from which all date their time, and count upon what is left. It is the nativity of our common Adam.

Of all sound of all bells (bells, the music nighest bordering upon heaven)—most solemn and touching is the peal which rings out the Old Year. I never hear it without a gathering-up of my mind to a concentration of all the images that have been diffused over the past twelvemonth; all I have done or suffered, performed or neglected—in that regretted time. I begin to know its worth, as when a person dies. It takes a personal colour; nor was it a poetical flight in a contemporary, when he exclaimed:

"I saw the skirts of the departing Year."

It is no more than what in sober sadness every one of us seems to be conscious of, in that awful leave-taking. I am sure I felt it, and all felt it with me, last night; though some of my companions affected rather to manifest an exhilaration at the birth of the coming year, than any very tender regrets for the decease of its predecessor. But I am none of those who—

"Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest."

I am naturally, beforehand, shy of novelties; new books, new faces, new years,—from some mental twist which makes it difficult in me to face the prospective. I have almost ceased to hope; and am sanguine only in the prospects of other (former) years. I plunge into foregone visions and conclusions. I encounter pell-mell with past disappointments. I am armour-proof against old discouragements. I forgive, or overcome in fancy, old adversaries. I play over again *for love*, as the gamesters

phrase it, games, for which I once paid so dear. I would scarce now have any of those untoward accidents and events of my life reversed. I would no more alter them than the incidents of some well-contrived novel. Methinks, it is better that I should have pined away seven of my goldenest years, when I was thrall to the fair hair, and fairer eyes, of Alice W——n, than that so passionate a love-adventure should be lost. It was better that our family should have missed that legacy, which old Dorrell cheated us of, than that I should have at this moment two thousand pounds *in banco*, and be without the idea of that specious old rogue.

In a degree beneath manhood, it is my infirmity to look back upon those early days. Do I advance a paradox, when I say, that, skipping over the intervention of forty years, a man may have leave to love *himself*, without the imputation of self-love?

If I know aught of myself, no one whose mind is introspective—and mine is painfully so—can have a less respect for his present identity, than I have for the man Elia. I know him to be light, and vain, and humoursome; a notorious * * *; addicted to * * * *: averse from counsel, neither taking it, nor offering it;— * * * besides; a stammering buffoon; what you will; lay it on, and spare not; I subscribe to it all, and much more, than thou canst be willing to lay at his door—but for the child Elia—that "other me," there, in the background—I must take leave to cherish the remembrance of that young master—with as little reference, I protest, to this stupid changeling of five-and-forty, as if it had been a child of some other house, and not of my parents. I can cry over its patient small-pox at five, and rougher medicaments. I can lay its poor fevered head upon the sick pillow at Christ's, and wake with it in surprise at the gentle posture of maternal tenderness hanging over it, that unknown

had watched its sleep. I know how it shrank from any the least colour of falsehood.—God help thee, Elia, how art thou changed! Thou art sophisticated.—I know how honest, how courageous (for a weakling) it was—how religious, how imaginative, how hopeful! From what have I not fallen, if the child I remember was indeed myself,—and not some dissembling guardian, presenting a false identity, to give the rule to my unpractised steps, and regulate the tone of my moral being!

That I am fond of indulging, beyond a hope of sympathy, in such retrospection, may be the symptom of some sickly idiosyncrasy. Or is it owing to another cause; simply, that being without wife or family, I have not learned to project myself enough out of myself; and having no offspring of my own to dally with, I turn back upon memory, and adopt my own early idea, as my heir and favourite? If these speculations seem fantastical to thee, reader—(a busy man, perchance), if I tread out of the way of thy sympathy, and am singularly conceited only, I retire, impenetrable to ridicule, under the phantom cloud of Elia.

The elders, with whom I was brought up, were of a character not likely to let slip the sacred observance of any old institution; and the ringing out of the Old Year was kept by them with circumstances of peculiar ceremony. —In those days the sound of those midnight chimes, though it seemed to raise hilarity in all around me, never failed to bring a train of pensive imagery into my fancy. Yet I then scarce conceived what it meant, or thought of it as a reckoning that concerned me. Not childhood alone, but the young man till thirty, never feels practically that he is mortal. He knows it indeed, and, if need were, he could preach a homily on the fragility of life; but he brings it not home to himself, any more than in a hot June we can appropriate to our imagination the freezing

days of December. But now, shall I confess a truth?—I feel these audits but too powerfully. I begin to count the probabilities of my duration, and to grudge at the expenditure of moments and shortest periods, like miser's farthings. In proportion as the years both lessen and shorten, I set more count upon their periods, and would fain lay my ineffectual finger upon the spoke of the great wheel. I am not content to pass away "like a weaver's shuttle." Those metaphors solace me not, nor sweeten the unpalatable draught of mortality. I care not to be carried with the tide, that smoothly bears human life to eternity; and reluct at the inevitable course of destiny. I am in love with this green earth; the face of town and country; the unspeakable rural solitudes, and the sweet security of streets. I would set up my tabernacle here. I am content to stand still at the age to which I am arrived; I, and my friends: to be no younger, no richer, no handsomer. I do not want to be weaned by age; or drop, like mellow fruit, as they say, into the grave.—Any alteration, on this earth of mine, in diet or in lodging, puzzles and discomposes me. My household-gods plant a terrible fixed foot, and are not rooted up without blood. They do not willingly seek Lavinian shores. A new state of being staggers me.

Sun, and sky, and breeze, and solitary walks, and summer holidays, and the greenness of fields, and the delicious juices of meats and fishes, and society, and the cheerful glass, and candle-light, and fireside conversations, and innocent vanities, and jests, and *irony itself*—do these things go out with life?

Can a ghost laugh, or shake his gaunt sides, when you are pleasant with him?

And you, my midnight darlings, my Folios! must I part with the intense delight of having you (huge armfuls) in my embraces? Must knowledge come to me, if it

come at all, by some awkward experiment of intuition, and no longer by this familiar process of reading?

Shall I enjoy friendships there, wanting the smiling indications which point me to them here,—the recognizable face—the "sweet assurance of a look"—?

In winter this intolerable disinclination to dying—to give it its mildest name—does more especially haunt and beset me. In a genial August noon, beneath a sweltering sky, death is almost problematic. At those times do such poor snakes as myself enjoy an immortality. Then we expand and burgeon. Then are we as strong again, as valiant again, as wise again, and a great deal taller. The blast that nips and shrinks me, puts me in thought of death. All things allied to the insubstantial, wait upon that master feeling; cold, numbness, dreams, perplexity; moonlight itself, with its shadowy and spectral appearances,—that cold ghost of the sun, or Phœbus' sickly sister, like that innutritious one denounced in the Canticles:—I am none of her minions—I hold with the Persian.

Whatsoever thwarts, or puts me out of my way, brings death into my mind. All partial evils, like humours, run into that capital plague-sore.—I have heard some profess an indifference to life. Such hail the end of their existence as a port of refuge; and speak of the grave as of some soft arms, in which they may slumber as on a pillow. Some have wooed death — — — but out upon thee, I say, thou foul, ugly phantom! I detest, abhor, execrate, and (with Friar John) give thee to six-score thousand devils, as in no instance to be excused or tolerated, but shunned as a universal viper; to be branded, proscribed, and spoken evil of! In no way can I be brought to digest thee, thou thin, melancholy *Privation*, or more frightful and confounding *Positive!*

These antidotes, prescribed against the fear of thee, are

altogether frigid and insulting, like thyself. For what satisfaction hath a man, that he shall "lie down with kings and emperors in death," who in his lifetime never greatly coveted the society of such bed-fellows?—or, forsooth, that, "so shall the fairest face appear?"—why, to comfort me, must Alice W——n be a goblin? More than all, I conceive disgust at those impertinent and misbecoming familiarities, inscribed upon your ordinary tombstones. Every dead man must take upon himself to be lecturing me with his odious truism, that "such as he is now, I must shortly be." Not so shortly, friend, perhaps, as thou imaginest. In the meantime I am alive. I move about. I am worthy twenty of thee. Know thy betters! Thy New Years' Days are past. I survive, a jolly candidate for 1821. Another cup of wine—and while that turn-coat bell, that just now mournfully chanted the obsequies of 1820 departed, with changed notes lustily rings in a successor, let us attune to its peal the song made on a like occasion, by hearty, cheerful Mr. Cotton.—

THE NEW YEAR.

Hark, the cock crows, and yon bright star
Tells us, the day himself's not far;
And see where, breaking from the night,
He gilds the western hills with light.
With him old Janus doth appear,
Peeping into the future year,
With such a look as seems to say,
The prospect is not good that way.
Thus do we rise ill sights to see,
And 'gainst ourselves to prophesy;
When the prophetic fear of things
A more tormenting mischief brings,
More full of sore-tormenting gall,
Than direst mischiefs can befall.
But stay! but stay! methinks my sight,
Better inform'd by clearer light,
Discerns sereneness in that brow,
That all contracted seem'd but now.
His revers'd face may show distaste,
And frown upon the ills are past;

But that which this way looks is clear,
And smiles upon the New-born Year.
He looks too from a place so high,
The Year lies open to his eye;
And all the mountains open are
To the exact discoverer.
Yet more and more he smiles upon
The happy revolution.
Why should we then suspect or fear
The influences of a year,
So smiles upon us the first morn,
And speaks us good so soon as born?
Plague on't! the last was ill enough,
This cannot but make better proof;
Or, at the worst, as we brush'd through
The last, why so we may this too;
And then the next in reason should
Be superexcellently good:
For the worst ills (we daily see)
Have no more perpetuity,
Than the best fortunes that do fall;
Which also bring us wherewithal
Longer there being to support,
Than those do of the other sort:
And who has one good year in three,
And yet repines at destiny,
Appears ungrateful in the case,
And merits not the good he has.
Then let us welcome the New Guest
With lusty brimmers of the best;
Mirth always should Good Fortune meet,
And render e'en Disaster sweet:
And though the Princess turn her back,
Let us but line ourselves with sack,
We better shall by far hold out,
Till the next Year she face about.

How say you, reader—do not these verses smack of the rough magnanimity of the old English vein? Do they not fortify like a cordial; enlarging the heart, and productive of sweet blood, and generous spirits, in the concoction? Where be those puling fears of death, just now expressed or affected?—Passed like a cloud—absorbed in the pungent sunlight of clear poetry—clean washed away by a wave of genuine Helicon, your only Spa for these hypochondries.—And now another cup of the generous! and a merry New Year, and many of them, to you all, my masters!

IX.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

LYRICS.

(i.)

SOUND, sound the clarion, fill the fife !
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

(ii.) CORONACH.

He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The fount reappearing
From the raindrops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow !

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are serest,
But our flower was in flushing
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber !

Like the dew on the mountain,
  Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
  Thou art gone, and for ever!

(iii.) Patriotism.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land!"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no Minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

(iv.) Madge Wildfire's Last Ballad.

Proud Maisie is in the wood,
  Walking so early;
Sweet Robin sits on the bush
  Singing so rarely.

"Tell me, thou bonny bird,
  When shall I marry me?"
—"When six braw gentlemen
  Kirkward shall carry ye."

"Who makes the bridal bed,
Birdie, say truly?"
—"The gray-headed sexton
That delves the grave duly."

"The glow-worm o'er grave and stone
Shall light thee steady;
The owl from the steeple sing
Welcome, proud lady."

X.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

FROM "GUY MANNERING."

It was in a hollow way, near the top of a steep ascent, upon the verge of the Ellangowan estate, that Mr. Bertram met the gipsy procession. Four or five men formed the advance guard, wrapped in long loose great-coats that hid their tall slender figures, as the large slouched hats, drawn over their brows, concealed their wild features, dark eyes and swarthy faces. Two of them carried long fowling-pieces, one wore a broadsword without a sheath, and all had the Highland dirk, though they did not wear that weapon openly or ostentatiously. Behind them followed the train of laden asses, and small carts or *tumblers*, as they were called in that country, on which were laid the decrepit and the helpless, the aged and infant part of the exiled community. The women in their red cloaks and straw hats, the elder children with bare heads and bare feet, and almost naked bodies, had the immediate care of the little caravan. The road was narrow, running between two broken banks of sand, and Mr. Bertram's servant rode forward, smacking his whip with an air of authority, and motioning to the drivers to

allow free passage to their betters. His signal was unattended to. He then called to the men who lounged idly on before, "Stand to your beasts' heads, and make room for the Laird to pass."

"He shall have his share of the road," answered a male gipsy from under his slouched and large-brimmed hat, and without raising his face, "and he shall have nae mair; the highway is as free to our cuddies as to his gelding."

The tone of the man being sulky, and even menacing, Mr. Bertram thought it best to put his dignity in his pocket, and pass by the procession quietly, on such space as they chose to leave for his accommodation, which was narrow enough. To cover with an appearance of indifference his feeling of the want of respect with which he was treated, he addressed one of the men, as he passed him without any show of greeting, salute, or recognition, —"Giles Baillie," he said, "have you heard that your son Gabriel is well?" (The question respected the young man who had been pressed.)

"If I had heard otherwise," said the old man, looking up with a stern and menacing countenance, "you should have heard of it too." And he plodded on his way tarrying no further question. When the Laird had pressed on with difficulty among a crowd of familiar faces, which had on all former occasions marked his approach with the reverence due to that of a superior being, but in which he now only read hatred and contempt, and had got clear of the throng, he could not help turning his horse, and looking back to mark the progress of their march. The group would have been an excellent subject for the pencil of Calotte. The van had already reached a small and stunted thicket, which was at the bottom of the hill, and which gradually hid the line of march until the last stragglers disappeared.

His sensations were bitter enough. The race, it is true, which he had thus summarily dismissed from their ancient place of refuge, was idle and vicious; but had he endeavoured to render them otherwise? They were not more irregular characters now than they had been while they were admitted to consider themselves as a sort of subordinate dependants of his family; and ought the mere circumstance of his becoming a magistrate to have made at once such a change in his conduct towards them? Some means of reformation ought at least to have been tried before sending seven families at once upon the wide world, and depriving them of a degree of countenance which withheld them at least from atrocious guilt. There was also a natural yearning of heart on parting with so many known and familiar faces; and to this feeling Godfrey Bertram was peculiarly accessible, from the limited qualities of his mind, which sought its principal amusements among the petty objects around him. As he was about to turn his horse's head to pursue his journey, Meg Merrilies, who lagged behind the troop, unexpectedly presented herself.

She was standing upon one of those high precipitous banks which, as we before noticed, overhung the road; so that she was placed considerably higher than Ellangowan, even though he was on horseback; and her tall figure, relieved against the clear blue sky, seemed almost of supernatural stature. We have noticed that there was in her general attire, or rather in her mode of adjusting it, somewhat of a foreign costume, artfully adopted perhaps for the purpose of adding to the effect of her spells and predictions, or perhaps from some traditional notions respecting the dress of her ancestors. On this occasion she had a large piece of red cotton cloth rolled about her head in the form of a turban, from beneath which her dark eyes flashed with uncommon lustre. Her long and

tangled black hair fell in elf-locks from the folds of this singular head-gear. Her attitude was that of a sibyl in frenzy, and she stretched out, in her right hand, a sapling bough which seemed just pulled.

"I'll be d——d," said the groom, "if she has not been cutting the young ashes in the Dukit Park!"—The Laird made no answer, but continued to look at the figure which was thus perched above his path.

"Ride your ways," said the gipsy, "ride your ways, Laird of Ellangowan—ride your ways, Godfrey Bertram! —This day have ye quenched seven smoking hearths—see if the fire in your ain parlour burn the blyther for that. Ye have riven the thack off seven cottar houses—look if your ain roof-tree stand the faster.—Ye may stable your stirks in the shealings at Derncleugh—see that the hare does not couch on the hearthstone at Ellangowan.—Ride your ways, Godfrey Bertram—what do ye glower after our folk for?—There's thirty hearts there, that wad hae wanted bread ere ye had wanted sunkets, and spent their lifeblood ere ye had scratched your finger. Yes—there's thirty yonder, from the auld wife of a hundred to the babe that was born last week, that ye have turned out o' their bits o' bields, to sleep with the tod and the black-cock in the muirs! Ride your ways, Ellangowan.—Our bairns are hinging at our weary backs—look that your braw cradle at hame be the fairer spread up—not that I am wishing ill to little Harry, or to the babe that's yet to be born—God forbid—and make them kind to the poor, and better folk than their father!—And now, ride e'en your ways; for these are the last words ye'll ever hear Meg Merrilies speak, and this is the last reise that I'll ever cut in the bonny woods of Ellangowan."

So saying, she broke the sapling she held in her hand, and flung it into the road. Margaret of Anjou, bestowing on her triumphant foes her keen-edged malediction, could

not have turned from them with a gesture more proudly contemptuous. The Laird was clearing his voice to speak, and thrusting his hand in his pocket to find a half-crown; the gipsy waited neither for his reply nor his donation, but strode down the hill to overtake the caravan.

Ellangowan rode pensively home; and it was remarkable that he did not mention this interview to any of his family. The groom was not so reserved: he told the story at great length to a full audience in the kitchen, and concluded by swearing that "if ever the devil spoke by the mouth of a woman, he had spoken by that of Meg Merrilies that blessed day."

XI.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THE SCHOLAR.

My days among the Dead are past;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old:
My never failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal
And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedew'd
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the Dead; with them
I live in long-past years,
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears,

And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the Dead; anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
Through all futurity;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

XII.

SONGS OF THE SEA.

(i.) ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast
And fills the white and rustling sail
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While like the eagle free
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my lads,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornéd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
But hark the music, mariners!
The wind is piping loud;

The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

(ii.) THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Ye Mariners of England
That guard our native seas!
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe:
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below—

As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

(iii.) CHARLES DIBDIN.

Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear
The mainmast by the board;
My heart with thoughts of thee, my dear,
And love well-stored,
Shall brave all dangers, scorn all fear,
The roaring winds, the raging sea,
In hopes on shore
To be once more,
Safe moor'd with thee!

Aloft while mountains high we go,
The whistling winds that scud along,
And the surge roaring from below,
Shall my signal be,
To think on thee,
And this shall be my song:
Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear
The mainmast from the board, etc.

And on that night when all the crew,
The memory of their former lives
O'er flowing cups of flip renew,
And drink their sweethearts and their wives,
I'll heave a sigh, and think on thee ;
And, as the ship rolls through the sea,
The burden of my song shall be—
Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear
The mainmast by the board, etc.

XIII.

J. BLANCO WHITE.

NIGHT.

MYSTERIOUS Night ! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely Frame,
This glorious canopy of Light and Blue ?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting Flame,
Hesperus with the Host of Heaven came,
And lo ! Creation widen'd in Man's view.
Who could have thought such Darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun ! or who could find,
Whilst flow'r, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind !
Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife ?
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life ?

XIV.

LORD BYRON.

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

(FROM "DON JUAN.")

THE isles of Greece! the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea:
And musing there an hour alone,
I dream'd that Greece might still be free;
For standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations;—all were his!
He counted them at break of day,
And when the sun set where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more,

And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
Must *we* but blush?—Our father's bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all?
Ah, no; the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head,
But one, arise—we come, we come!"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain: strike other chords:
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battle to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's wine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call,
How answers each bold Bacchanal?

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet;
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine:
He served—but served Polycrates—
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!
Oh, that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore:
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and sells:
In native swords and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells;
For Turkish force and Latin fraud
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
But, gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,

May hear our mutual murmurs sweep:
There, swan-like, let me sing and die!
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down you cup of Samian wine!

XV.

LORD BYRON.

THE OCEAN.

(FROM "CHILDE HAROLD.")

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,

And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth :—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war—
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?
Thy waters washed them power while they were free
And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage : their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts ;—not so thou,
Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,—
Calm or convulsed, in breeze or gale or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime,
The image of eternity, the throne
Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone
Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be

Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy name—as I do here.

XVI.

LORD BYRON.

MINOR POEMS.

(i.) Sonnet on Chillon.

Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty, thou art!
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd—
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom—
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar; for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps had left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

(ii.)

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meets in her aspect and her eyes,
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less
Had half impair'd the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress
Or softly lightens o'er her face,
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek and o'er that brow
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow
But tell of days in goodness spent,—
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.

(iii.)

There be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like Thee;
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me:
When, as if its sounds were causing
The charméd ocean's pausing,
The waves lie still and gleaming,
And the lull'd winds seem dreaming:
And the midnight moon is weaving
Her bright chain o'er the deep,
Whose breast is gently heaving
As an infant's asleep:
So the spirit bows before thee
To listen and adore thee;
With a full but soft emotion,
Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

XVII.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

(i.) THE DEATH OF ARTEMIDORA.

"ARTEMIDORA! Gods invisible,
While thou art lying faint along the couch,
Have tied the sandal to thy veinéd feet,
And stand beside thee ready to convey
Thy weary steps where other rivers flow.
Refreshing shades will waft thy weariness
Away, and voices like thine own come nigh,
Soliciting, nor vainly, thy embrace."
Artemidora sighed, and would have press'd
The hand now pressing hers, but was too weak.
Fate's shears were over her dark hair unseen
While thus Elpenor spake: he look'd into
Eyes that had given light and life erewhile
To those above them, those now dim with tears
And watchfulness. Again he spake of joy
Eternal. At that word, that sad word, *joy*,
Faithful and fond her bosom heav'd once more,
Her head fell back: one sob, one loud deep sob
Swell'd through the darken'd chamber; 'twas not hers:
With her that old boat incorruptible,
Unwearied, undiverted in its course,
Had plash'd the water up the farther strand.

(ii.)

Ah what avails the sceptred race,
Ah what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
Rose Aylmer, all wer thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these watchful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and of sighs
I consecrate to thee.

(iii.)

Despair is not for good or wise,
And should not be for love;
We all must bear our destinies,
And bend to those above.
Birds flying o'er the stormy seas
Alight upon their proper trees,
Yet wisest men not always know
Where they should stop or whither go.

(iv.) HOPE AND WISDOM.

Youth is the virgin nurse of tender Hope,
And lifts her up and shows a far-off scene:
When Care with heavy tread would interlope,
They call the boys to shout her from the green.

Ere long another comes, before whose eyes
Nursling and nurse alike stand mute and quail:
Wisdom: to her Hope not one word replies,
And Youth lets drop the dear romantic tale.

(v.)

Stand close around, ye Stygian set,
With Dircé in one boat convey'd,
Or Charon, seeing, may forget
That he is old, and she a shade.

(vi.)

Love ran with me, then walk'd, then sate,
Then said, *Come! come, it grows too late:*
And then he would have gone, but—no!—
You caught his eye; he could not go.

XVIII.

THOMAS MOORE.

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

Oft in the stilly night
  Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
  Of other days around me:
    The smiles, the tears
    Of boyhood's years,
  The words of love then spoken;
    The eyes that shone,
    Now dimm'd and gone,
  The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus in the stilly night,
  Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
  Of other days around me.

When I remember all
  The friends so link'd together
I've seen around me fall
  Like leaves in wintry weather,
    I feel like one
    Who treads alone
  Some banquet-hall deserted,
    Whose lights are fled,
    Whose garlands dead,
  And all but he departed!
Thus in the stilly night
  Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
  Of other days around me.

XIX.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

TO A SKYLARK.

HAIL to thee, blithe Spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight,
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight:

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflow'd.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embower'd
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflower'd,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingéd thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass.
Rain-awaken'd flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal
Or triumphal chaunt,
Match'd with thine, would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow
The world should listen then, as I am listening now!

XX.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

ODE TO THE WEST WIND.

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,
Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,

Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed
The wingéd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow
Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours plain and hill:
Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and Preserver; Hear, O hear!

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,
Angels of rain and lightning; there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head
Of some fierce Maenad, ev'n from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height—
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge
Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might
Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail, will burst: O hear!

Thou who didst waken from his summer-dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay
Lull'd by the coil of his crystalline streams
Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,
All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers
Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below

The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know
Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear
And tremble and despoil themselves: O hear!

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee:
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share
The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than Thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I was as in my boyhood, and could be
The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip the skyey speed
Scarce seem'd a vision, I would ne'er have striven
As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
O lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!
A heavy weight of hours has chain'd and bow'd
One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

Make me thy lyre, ev'n as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies
Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
My spirit! be thou me, impetuous one!
Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like wither'd leaves to quicken a new birth;
And, by the incantation of this verse,
Scatter, as from an unextinguish'd hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unwaken'd earth
The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

XXI.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

INVOCATION.

RARELY, rarely, comest thou,
  Spirit of Delight!
Wherefore hast thou left me now
  Many a day and night?
Many a weary night and day
'Tis since thou art fled away.

How shall ever one like me
  Win thee back again?
With the joyous and the free
  Thou wilt scoff at pain.
Spirit false! thou hast forgot
All but those who need thee not.

As a lizard with the shade
  Of a trembling leaf,
Thou with sorrow art dismay'd;
  Even the sighs of grief
Reproach thee, that thou art not near,
And reproach thou wilt not hear.

Let me set my mournful ditty
  To a merry measure;—
Thou wilt never come for pity,
  Thou wilt come for pleasure;—
Pity then will cut away
Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

I love all that thou lovest,
  Spirit of Delight!
The fresh Earth in new leaves drest
  And the starry night;

Autumn evening, and the morn
When the golden mists are born.

I love snow and all the forms
  Of the radiant frost;
I love waves, and winds, and storms,
  Everything almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery.

I love tranquil solitude,
  And such society
As is quiet, wise, and good;
  Between thee and me
What diff'rence? but thou dost possess
The things I seek, not love them less.

I love Love—though he has wings,
  And like light can flee,
But above all other things,
  Spirit, I love thee—
Thou art love and life! O come!
Make once more my heart thy home!

XXII.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

TWO SONGS.

(i.)

On a Poet's lips I slept
  Dreaming like a love-adept
  In the sound his breathing kept;
Nor seeks nor finds he mortal blisses,
But feeds on the aerial kisses
Of shapes that haunt Thought's wildernesses.

He will watch from dawn to gloom
The lake-reflected sun illume
The yellow bees in the ivy-bloom,
  Nor heed nor see what things they be—
But from these create he can
Forms more real than living Man,
  Nurslings of Immortality!

(ii.)

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory—
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heap'd for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when Thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

XXIII.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

ADONAIS.

I WEEP for Adonais—he is dead!
  Oh weep for Adonais, though our tears
Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head!
  And thou, sad Hour selected from all years
  To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure compeers,
And teach them thine own sorrow! Say: "With me
  Died Adonais! Till the future dares
Forget the past, his fate and fame shall be
An echo and a light unto eternity."

Where wert thou, mighty Mother, when he lay,
  When thy son lay, pierced by the shaft which flies

In darkness? Where was lorn Urania
When Adonais died? With veiléd eyes,
Mid listening echoes, in her paradise
She sate, while one, with soft enamoured breath,
Rekindled all the fading melodies
With which, like flowers that mock the corse beneath,
He had adorned and hid the coming bulk of Death.

Oh weep for Adonais—he is dead!
Wake, melancholy Mother, wake and weep!
Yet wherefore? Quench within their burning bed
Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud heart keep,
Like his, a mute and uncomplaining sleep;
For he is gone where all things wise and fair
Descend. Oh dream not that the amorous deep
Will yet restore him to the vital air;
Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs at our despair.

Most musical of mourners, weep again!
Lament anew, Urania!—He died
Who was the sire of an immortal strain,
Blind, old, and lonely, when his country's pride
The priest, the slave, and the liberticide,
Trampled and mocked with many a loathéd rite
Of lust and blood. He went unterrified
Into the gulf of death; but his dear sprite
Yet reigns o'er earth, the third among the Sons of Light.

Most musical of mourners, weep anew!
Not all to that bright station dared to climb:
And happier they their happiness who knew,
Whose tapers yet burn through that night of time
In which suns perished. Others more sublime,
Struck by the envious wrath of man or god,
Have sunk, extinct in their refulgent prime;
And some yet live, treading the thorny road
Which leads, through toil and hate, to Fame's serene abode.

But now thy youngest, dearest one has perished,
The nursling of thy widowhood, who grew,
Like a pale flower by some sad maiden cherished,
And fed with true-love tears instead of dew.
Most musical of mourners, weep anew!
Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and the last,
The bloom whose petals, nipped before they blew,
Died on the promise of the fruit, is waste;
The broken lily lies—the storm is overpast.

To that high Capital where kingly Death
Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay
He came; and bought, with price of purest breath,
A grave among the eternal.—Come away!
Haste, while the vault of blue Italian day
Is yet his fitting charnel-roof, while still
He lies as if in dewy sleep he lay.
Awake him not! surely he takes his fill
Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill.

He will awake no more, oh never more!
Within the twilight chamber spreads apace
The shadow of white Death, and at the door
Invisible Corruption waits to trace
His extreme way to her dim dwelling-place;
The eternal Hunger sits, but pity and awe
Soothe her pale rage, nor dares she to deface
So fair a prey, till darkness and the law
Of change shall o'er his sleep the mortal curtain draw.

Oh weep for Adonais!—The quick Dreams,
The passion-winged ministers of thought,
Who were his flocks, whom near the living streams
Of his young spirit he fed, and whom he taught
The love which was its music, wander not—

Wander no more from kindling brain to brain,
But droop there whence they sprung; and mourn their lot
Round the cold heart where, after their sweet pain
They ne'er will gather strength or find a home again.

And one with trembling hands clasps his cold head,
And fans him with her moonlight wings, and cries,
"Our love, our hope, our sorrow, is not dead!
See, on the silken fringe of his faint eyes,
Like dew upon a sleeping flower, there lies
A tear some dream has loosened from his brain."
Lost angel of a ruined paradise!
She knew not 'twas her own,—as with no stain
She faded, like a cloud which had outwept its rain.

One from a lucid urn of starry dew
Washed his light limbs, as if embalming them;
Another clipped her profuse locks, and threw
The wreath upon him, like an anadem
Which frozen tears instead of pearls begem;
Another in her wilful grief would break
Her bow and wingéd reeds, as if to stem
A greater loss with one which was more weak,—
And dull the barbéd fire against his frozen cheek.

Another splendour on his mouth alit,
That mouth whence it was wont to draw the breath
Which gave it strength to pierce the guarded wit,
And pass into the panting heart beneath
With lightning and with music: the damp death
Quenched its caress upon his icy lips;
And as a dying meteor stains a wreath
Of moonlight vapour which the cold night clips,
It flushed through his pale limbs, and passed to its eclipse.

And others came. Desires and Adorations;
Wingéd Persuasions, and veiled Destinies;

Splendours, and Glooms, and glimmering incarnations,
Of Hopes and Fears, and twilight Fantasies;
And Sorrow, with her family of Sighs;
And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by the gleam
Of her own dying smile instead of eyes,—
Came in slow pomp;—the moving pomp might seem
Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal stream.

All he had loved, and moulded into thought
From shape and hue and odour and sweet sound,
Lamented Adonais. Morning sought
Her eastern watch-tower, and her hair unbound,
Wet with the tears which should adorn the ground,
Dimmed the aerial eyes that kindle day;
Afar the melancholy Thunder moaned,
Pale Ocean in unquiet slumber lay,
And the wild Winds flew round, sobbing in their dismay.

Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless mountains,
And feeds her grief with his remembered lay,
And will no more reply to winds or fountains,
Or amorous birds perched on the young green spray,
Or herdsman's horn, or bell at closing day;
Since she can mimic not his lips, more dear
Than those for whose disdain she pined away
Into a shadow of all sounds:—a drear
Murmur, between their songs, is all the woodmen hear.

Grief made the young Spring wild, and she threw down
Her kindling buds, as if she Autumn were,
Or they dead leaves; since her delight is flown,
For whom should she have waked the sullen Year?
To Phœbus was not Hyacinth so dear,
Nor to himself Narcissus, as to both
Thou, Adonais; wan they stand and sere
Amid the faint companions of their youth,
With dew all turned to tears,—odour to sighing ruth.

Thy spirit's sister, the lorn nightingale,
Mourns not her mate with such melodious pain;
Not so the eagle, who like thee could scale
Heaven, and could nourish in the sun's domain
Her mighty youth with morning, doth complain,
Soaring and screaming round her empty nest,
As Albion wails for thee: the curse of Cain
Light on his head who pierced thy innocent breast,
And scared the angel soul that was its earthly guest!

Ah woe is me! Winter is come and gone,
But grief returns with the revolving year.
The airs and streams renew their joyous tone;
The ants, the bees, the swallows, re-appear;
Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead Season's bier;
The amorous birds now pair in every brake,
And build their mossy homes in field and brere;
And the green lizard and the golden snake,
Like unimprisoned flames, out of their trance awake.

Through wood and stream and field and hill and ocean,
A quickening life from the Earth's heart has burst,
As it has ever done, with change and motion,
From the great morning of the world when first
God dawned on chaos. In its steam immersed,
The lamps of heaven flash with a softer light;
All baser things pant with life's sacred thirst,
Diffuse themselves, and spend in love's delight
The beauty and the joy of their renewéd might.

The leprous corpse, touched by this spirit tender,
Exhales itself in flowers of gentle breath;
Like incarnations of the stars, when splendour
Is changed to fragrance, they illumine death,
And mock the merry worm that wakes beneath.

Nought we know dies: shall that alone which knows
Be as a sword consumed before the sheath
By sightless lightning? The intense atom glows
A moment, then is quenched in a most cold repose.

Alas that all we loved of him should be,
But for our grief, as if it had not been,
And grief itself be mortal! Woe is me!
Whence are we, and why are we? of what scene
The actors or spectators? Great and mean
Meet massed in death, who lends what life must borrow.
As long as skies are blue and fields are green,
Evening must usher night, night urge the morrow,
Month follow month with woe, and year wake year to sorrow.

He will awake no more, oh never more!
"Wake thou," cried Misery, "childless Mother! Rise
Out of thy sleep, and slake in thy heart's core
A wound more fierce than his with tears and sighs."
And all the Dreams that watched Urania's eyes,
And all the Echoes whom their Sister's song
Had held in holy silence cried "Arise";
Swift as a thought by the snake memory stung,
From her ambrosial rest the fading Splendour sprung.

She rose like an autumnal Night that springs
Out of the east and follows wild and drear
The golden Day, which, on eternal wings,
Even as a ghost abandoning a bier,
Had left the Earth a corpse. Sorrow and fear
So struck, so roused, so rapt, Urania;
So saddened round her like an atmosphere
Of stormy mist; so swept her on her way,
Even to the mournful place where Adonais lay.

Out of her secret paradise she sped,
Through camps and cities rough with stone and steel,

And human hearts, which, to her aery tread
Yielding not, wounded the invisible
Palms of her tender feet, where'er they fell.
And barbéd tongues, and thoughts more sharp than they,
Rent the soft form they never could repel,
Whose sacred blood, like the young tears of May,
Paved with eternal flowers that undeserving way.

In the death-chamber for a moment Death,
Shamed by the presence of that living Might,
Blushed to annihilation, and the breath
Revisited those pale lips, and life's pale light
Flashed through those limbs so late her dear delight.
"Leave me not wild and drear and comfortless,
As silent lightning leaves the starless night!
Leave me not!" cried Urania. Her distress
Roused Death: Death rose and smiled, and met her vain caress.

"Stay yet awhile! speak to me once again!
Kiss me, so long but as a kiss may live!
And in my heartless breast and burning brain
That word, that kiss, shall all thoughts else survive,
With food of saddest memory kept alive,
Now thou art dead, as if it were a part
Of thee, my Adonais! I would give
All that I am, to be as thou now art:—
But I am chained to Time, and cannot thence depart.

"O gentle child, beautiful as thou wert,
Why didst thou leave the trodden paths of men
Too soon, and with weak hands though mighty heart
Dare the unpastured dragon in his den?
Defenceless as thou wert, oh where was then
Wisdom the mirrored shield, or scorn the spear?
Or, hadst thou waited the full cycle when
Thy spirit should have filled its crescent sphere,
The monsters of life's waste had fled from thee like deer.

"The herded wolves bold only to pursue,
The obscene ravens clamorous o'er the dead,
The vultures to the conqueror's banner true,
Who feed where Desolation first has fed,
And whose wings rain contagion,—how they fled,
When, like Apollo from his golden bow,
The Pythian of the age one arrow sped,
And smiled !—The spoilers tempt no second blow,
They fawn on the proud feet that spurn them lying low.

"The sun comes forth, and many reptiles spawn;
He sets, and each ephemeral insect then
Is gathered into death without a dawn,
And the immortal stars awake again.
So is it in the world of living men:
A godlike mind soars forth, in its delight
Making earth bare and veiling heaven; and, when
It sinks, the swarms that dimmed or shared its light
Leave to its kindred lamps the spirit's awful night."

Thus ceased she: and the Mountain Shepherds came,
Their garlands sere, their magic mantles rent.
The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame
Over his living head like heaven is bent,
An early but enduring monument,
Came, veiling all the lightnings of his song
In sorrow. From her wilds Ierne sent
The sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong,
And love taught grief to fall like music from his tongue.

Midst others of less note came one frail form,
A phantom among men, companionless
As the last cloud of an expiring storm
Whose thunder is its knell. He, as I guess,
Had gazed on Nature's naked loveliness

Actæon-like ; and now he fled astray
With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness,
And his own thoughts along that rugged way
Pursued like raging hounds their father and their prey.

A pard-like Spirit beautiful and swift—
A love in desolation masked—a power
Girt round with weakness ; it can scarce uplift
The weight of the superincumbent hour.
It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,
A breaking billow ;—even whilst we speak
Is it not broken ? On the withering flower
The killing sun smiles brightly : on a cheek
The life can burn in blood even while the heart may break.

His head was bound with pansies overblown,
And faded violets, white and pied and blue ;
And a light spear topped with a cypress-cone,
Round whose rude shaft dark ivy-tresses grew
Yet dripping with the forest's noon-day dew,
Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart
Shook the weak hand that grasped it. Of that crew
He came the last, neglected and apart ;
A herd-abandoned deer struck by the hunter's dart.

All stood aloof, and at his partial moan
Smiled through their tears. Well knew that gentle band
Who in another's fate now wept his own.
As in the accents of an unknown land
He sang new sorrow, sad Urania scanned
The Stranger's mien, and murmured, " Who art thou ?"
He answered not, but with a sudden hand
Made bare his branded and ensanguined brow,
Which was like Cain's or Christ's—oh that it should be so !

What softer voice is hushed over the dead ?
Athwart what brow is that dark mantle thrown ?

What form leans sadly o'er the white death-bed,
In mockery of monumental stone,
The heavy heart heaving without a moan?
If it be he, who gentlest of the wise,
Taught, soothed, loved, honoured, the departed one,
Let me not vex with inharmonious sighs
The silence of that heart's accepted sacrifice.

Our Adonais has drunk poison—oh
What deaf and viperous murderer could crown
Life's early cup with such a draught of woe?
The nameless worm would now itself disown;
It felt, yet could escape, the magic tone
Whose prelude held all envy, hate, and wrong,
But what was howling in one breast alone,
Silent with expectation of the song
Whose master's hand is cold, whose silver lyre unstrung.

Live thou, whose infamy is not thy fame!
Live! fear no heavier chastisement from me,
Thou noteless blot on a remembered name!
But be thyself, and know thyself to be!
And ever at thy season be thou free
To spill the venom when thy fangs o'erflow:
Remorse and self-contempt shall cling to thee,
Hot shame shall burn upon thy secret brow,
And like a beaten hound tremble thou shalt—as now.

Nor let us weep that our delight is fled
Far from these carrion-kites that scream below.
He wakes or sleeps with the enduring dead;
Thou canst not soar where he is sitting now.
Dust to the dust: but the pure spirit shall flow
Back to the burning fountain whence it came,
A portion of the Eternal, which must glow
Through time and change, unquenchably the same,
Whilst thy cold embers choke the sordid hearth of shame.

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep!
He hath awakened from the dream of life.
'Tis we who, lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
And in mad trance strike with our spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings. *We* decay
Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief
Convulse us and consume us day by day,
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night.
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again.
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure; and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown grey, in vain—
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he;
Mourn not for Adonais.—Thou young Dawn,
Turn all thy dew to splendour, for from thee
The spirit thou lamentest is not gone!
Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan!
Cease, ye faint flowers and fountains! and, thou Air,
Which like a mourning-veil thy scarf hadst thrown
O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it bare
Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair!

He is made one with Nature. There is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird.
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,—

Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own,
Which wields the world with never-wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely. He doth bear
His part, while the One Spirit's plastic stress
Sweeps through the dull dense world; compelling there
All new successions to the forms they wear;
Torturing the unwilling dross, that checks its flight,
To its own likeness, as each mass may bear;
And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees and beasts and men into the heaven's light.

The splendours of the firmament of time
May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not;
Like stars to their appointed height they climb,
And death is a low mist which cannot blot
The brightness it may veil. When lofty thought
Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,
And love and life contend in it for what
Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there,
And move like winds of life on dark and stormy air.

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown
Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal thought
Far in the unapparent. Chatterton
Rose pale, his solemn agony had not
Yet faded from him; Sidney, as he fought,
And as he fell, and as he lived and loved,
Sublimely mild, a spirit without spot,
Arose; and Lucan, by his death approved;—
Oblivion as they rose shrank like a thing reproved.

And many more, whose names on earth are dark,
But whose transmitted effluence cannot die

So long as fire outlives the parent spark,
Rose, robed in dazzling immortality.
"Thou art become as one of us," they cry;
"It was for thee yon kingless sphere has long
Swung blind in unascended majesty,
Silent alone amid an heaven of song,
Assume thy wingéd throne, thou Vesper of our throng!"

Who mourns for Adonais? Oh come forth,
Fond wretch, and know thyself and him aright.
Clasp with thy panting soul the pendulous earth;
As from a centre, dart thy spirit's light
Beyond all worlds, until its spacious might
Satiate the void circumference: then shrink
Even to a point within our day and night;
And keep thy heart light, lest it make thee sink,
When hope has kindled hope, and lured thee to the brink.

Or go to Rome, which is the sepulchre,
Oh not of him, but of our joy. 'Tis nought
That ages, empires, and religions, there
Lie buried in the ravage they have wrought;
For such as he can lend—they borrow not
Glory from those who made the world their prey;
And he is gathered to the kings of thought
Who waged contention with their time's decay,
And of the past are all that cannot pass away.

Go thou to Rome,—at once the paradise,
The grave, the city, and the wilderness;
And where its wrecks like shattered mountains rise,
And flowering weeds and fragrant copses dress
The bones of Desolation's nakedness,
Pass, till the Spirit of the spot shall lead
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access,
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread.

And grey walls moulder round, on which dull Time
Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand;
And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,
Pavilioning the dust of him who planned
This refuge for his memory, doth stand
Like flame transformed to marble; and beneath
A field is spread, on which a newer band
Have pitched in heaven's smile their camp of death,
Welcoming him we lose with scarce-extinguished breath.

Here pause. These graves are all too young as yet
To have outgrown the sorrow which consigned
Its charge to each; and, if the seal is set
Here on one fountain of a mourning mind,
Break it not thou! too surely shalt thou find
Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,
Of tears and gall. From the world's bitter wind
Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb,
What Adonais is why fear we to become?

The One remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven's light for ever shines, earth's shadows fly;
Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments.—Die,
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek!
Follow where all is fled!—Rome's azure sky,
Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words, are weak
The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my heart?
Thy hopes are gone before: from all things here
They have departed; thou shouldst now depart.
A light is past from the revolving year,
And man and woman; and what still is dear

Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.
The soft sky smiles, the low wind whispers near:
'Tis Adonais calls! Oh hasten thither!
No more let life divide what death can join together.

That light whose smile kindles the universe,
That beauty in which all things work and move,
That benediction which the eclipsing curse
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
Which, through the web of being blindly wove
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst, now beams on me,
Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

The breath whose might I have invoked in song
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
Whose sails were never to the tempest given.
The massy earth and spheréd skies are riven!
I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar!
Whilst, burning through the inmost veil of heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

XXIV.

JOHN KEATS.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:

'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thy happiness,—
That thou, light-wingéd Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delvéd earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-burnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim
And purple-stainéd mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim;

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few sad last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs;
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;
But here there is no light

Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But in embalméd darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild,
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a muséd rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—do I wake or sleep?

XXV.

JOHN KEATS.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI.

"O WHAT can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge has wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

"O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms!
So haggard and so woe-begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

"I see a lily on thy brow
With anguish moist and fever-dew,
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too."

"I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful—a fairy's child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

"I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She look'd at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

"I set her on my pacing steed
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A fairy's song.

"She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild and manna-dew,
And sure in language strange she said
'I love thee true.'

"She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept, and sigh'd full sore,
And there I shut her wild wild eyes
With kisses four.

"And there she lullèd me asleep,
And there I dream'd—Ah! woe betide!
The latest dream I ever dream'd
On the cold hill's side.

"I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
They cried—'La belle Dame sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall!'

"I saw their starved lips in the gloam
With horrid warning gapèd wide,
And I awoke and found me here
On the cold hill's side.

"And this is why I sojourn here
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing."

XXVI.

JOHN KEATS

ODE ON THE POETS.

Bards of Passion and of Mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth.
Have ye souls in heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new?
—Yes, and those of heaven commune
With the spheres of sun and moon;
With the noise of fountains wonderous
And the parle of voices thunderous;
With the whisper of heaven's trees
And one another, in soft ease
Seated on Elysian lawns
Browsed by none but Dian's fawns;
Underneath large blue-bells tented,
Where the daisies are rose-scented,
And the rose herself has got
Perfume which on earth is not;
Where the nightingale doth sing
Not a senseless, trancéd thing,
But divine melodious truth;
Philosophic numbers smooth;
Tales and golden histories
Of heaven and its mysteries.

Thus ye live on high, and then
On the earth ye live again;
And the souls ye left behind you
Teach us, here, the way to find you
Where your other souls are joying,
Never slumber'd, never cloying.

Here, your earth-born souls still speak
To mortals, of their little week;
Of their sorrows and delights;
Of their passions and their spites;
Of their glory and their shame;
What doth strengthen and what maim:—
Thus ye teach us, every day,
Wisdom, though fled far away.

Bards of Passion and of Mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth!
Ye have souls in heaven too,
Doubled-lived in regions new!

XXVII.

JOHN KEATS.

ODE TO AUTUMN.

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease;
For Summer has o'erbrimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;

Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twinéd flowers;
And sometime like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them,—thou hast thy music too,
While barrêd clouds bloom the soft-dying day
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river-sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing, and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

XXVIII.

JOHN KEATS.

A THING OF BEAUTY.

(From "Endymion.")

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth

Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways
Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in; and clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms:
And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead;
All lovely tales that we have heard or read:
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

XXIX.

JOHN KEATS.

SONNET.

To one who has been long in city pent,
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of heaven,—to breathe a prayer
Full in the smile of the blue firmament.
Who is more happy, when, with heart's content,
Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair
Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair
And gentle tale of love and languishment?
Returning home at evening, with an ear
Catching the notes of Philomel,—an eye
Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright career,
He mourns that day so soon has glided by:
E'en like the passage of an angel's tear
That falls through the clear ether silently.

XXX.

JOHN KEATS.

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN.

THOU still unravish'd bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearièd,
For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
For ever panting and for ever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or sea-shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul, to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form! dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity. Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

XXXI.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

THE WAR SONG OF DINAS VAWR.

THE mountain sheep are sweeter,
But the valley sheep are fatter;
We therefore deemed it meeter
To carry off the latter.
We made an expedition;
We met a host, and quelled it;
We forced a strong position,
And killed the men who held it.

On Dyfed's richest valley,
Where herds of kine were brousing,
We made a mighty sally,
To furnish our carousing.
Fierce warriors rushed to meet us;
We met them, and o'erthrew them:
They struggled hard to beat us;
But we conquered them, and slew them.

As we drove our prize at leisure,
The king marched forth to catch us:
His rage surpassed all measure,
But his people could not match us.
He fled to his hall-pillars;
And, ere our force we led off,
Some sacked his house and cellars,
While others cut his head off.

We there, in strife bewild'ring,
Spilt blood enough to swim in:
We orphaned many children,
And widowed many women.
The eagles and the ravens
We glutted with our foemen;
The heroes and the cravens,
The spearmen and the bowmen.

We brought away from battle,
And much their land bemoaned them,
Two thousand head of cattle,
And the head of him who owned them:
Ednyfed, king of Dyfed,
His head was borne before us;
His wine and beasts supplied our feasts,
And his overthrow, our chorus.

XXXII.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

AT GRYLL GRANGE.

Miss Gryll gave up her place to a young lady, who in her turn sang a ballad of a different character.

Love and Age.

I play'd with you 'mid cowslips blowing,
When I was six and you were four;
When garlands weaving, flowerballs throwing,
Were pleasures soon to please no more,
Through groves and meads, o'er grass and heather,
With little playmates, to and fro,
We wandered hand in hand together;
But that was sixty years ago.

You grew a lovely roseate maiden,
And still our early love was strong;
Still with no care our days were laden,
They glided joyously along;
And I did love you very dearly,
How dearly words want power to show;
I thought your heart was touched as nearly;
But that was fifty years ago.

Then other lovers came around you,
Your beauty grew from year to year,
And many a splendid circle found you
The centre of its glittering sphere.
I saw you then, first vows forsaking,
On rank and wealth your hand bestow;
Oh, then I thought my heart was breaking,—
But that was forty years ago.

And I lived on, to wed another;
No cause she gave me to repine;
And when I heard you were a mother,
I did not wish the children mine.
My own young flock, in fair progression
Made up a pleasant Christmas row:
My joy in them was past expression,—
But that was thirty years ago.

You grew a matron plump and comely,
You dwelt in fashion's brightest blaze;
My earthly lot was far more homely;
But I too had my festal days.

No merrier eyes have ever glistened
  Around the hearthstone's wintry glow,
Than when my youngest child was christened,—
  But that was twenty years ago.

Time passed. My eldest girl was married,
  And I am now a grandsire gray;
One pet of four years old I've carried
  Among the wild-flowered meads to play.
In our old fields of childish pleasure,
  Where now, as then, the cowslips blow,
She fills her basket's ample measure,—
  And that is not ten years ago.

But though first love's impassioned blindness
  Has passed away in colder light,
I still have thought of you with kindness,
  And shall do, till our last good-night.
The ever-rolling silent hours
  Will bring a time we shall not know,
When our young days of gathering flowers
  Will be an hundred years ago.

Miss Ilex. That is a melancholy song. But of how many first loves is it the true tale! And how many are far less happy!

The Rev. Dr. Opimiam. It is simple, and well sung, with a distinctness of articulation not often heard.

Miss Ilex. That young lady's voice is a perfect contralto. It is singularly beautiful, and I applaud her for keeping within her natural compass, and not destroying her voice by forcing it upwards, as too many do.

The Rev. Dr. Opimiam. Forcing, forcing seems to be the rule of life. A young lady who forces her voice into *altissimo*, and a young gentleman who forces his mind into a receptacle for a chaos of crudities, are pretty much on a par. Both do ill, where, if they were contented with attainments within the limits of natural taste and natural capacity, they might both do well. As to the poor young men, many of them become mere crammed fowls, with the same result as Hermogenes, who, after astonishing the world with his attainments at seventeen, came to a sudden end at the age of twenty-five, and spent the rest of a long life in hopeless imbecility.

Miss Ilex. The poor young men can scarcely help themselves. They are not held qualified for a profession unless they have overloaded their understanding with things of no use in it; incongruous things too, which could never be combined into the pursuits of natural taste.

The Rev. Dr. Opimiam. Very true. Brindley would not have passed as a canal-maker, nor Edward Williams as a bridge-builder. I saw the other day some examination papers which would infallibly have excluded Marlborough from the army and Nelson from the navy. I doubt if Haydn would have passed as a composer before a committee of lords like one of his pupils, who insisted on demonstrating to him that he was continually sinning against the rules of counterpoint; on which Haydn said to him, "I thought I was to teach you, but it seems you are to teach me, and I do not want a preceptor," and thereon he wished his lordship a good morning. Fancy Watt being asked how much Joan of Naples got for Avignon when she sold it to Pope Clement the Sixth, and being held unfit for an engineer because he could not tell.

Miss Ilex. That is an odd question, doctor. But how much did she get for it?

The Rev. Dr. Opimiam. Nothing. He promised ninety thousand golden florins, but he did not pay one of them: and that, I suppose, is the profound sense of the question. It is true he paid her after a fashion, in his own peculiar coin. He absolved her of the murder of her first husband, and perhaps he thought that was worth the money. But how many of our legislators could answer the question? Is it not strange that candidates for seats in Parliament should not be subjected to competitive examination? Plato and Persius would furnish good hints for it. I should like to see honourable gentlemen having to answer such questions as are deemed necessary tests for government clerks, before they would be held qualified candidates for seats in the legis-

lature. That would be something like a reform in the Parliament. Oh that it were so, and I were the examiner! Ha, ha, ha, what a comedy!

The doctor's hearty laugh was contagious, and Miss Ilex joined in it. Mr. MacBorrowdale came up.

Mr. MacBorrowdale. You are as merry as if you had discovered the object of Jack of Dover's quest.

The Rev. Dr. Opimiam. Something very like it. We have an honourable gentleman under competitive examination for a degree in legislative wisdom.

Mr. MacBorrowdale. Truly, that is a fooling competition to the top of its bent.

The Rev. Dr. Opimiam. Competitive examination for clerks, and none for legislators, is not this an anomaly? Ask the honourable member for Muckborough on what acquisitions in history and mental and moral philosophy he founds his claim of competence to make laws for the nation. He can only tell you that he has been chosen as the most conspicuous Grub among the Moneygrubs of his borough to be the representative of all that is sordid, selfish, hard-hearted, unintellectual, and antipatriotic, which are the distinguishing qualities of the majority among them. Ask a candidate for a clerkship what are his qualifications? He may answer, "All that are requisite: reading, writing, and arithmetic." "Nonsense," says the questioner. "Do you know the number of miles in direct distance from Timbuctoo to the top of Chimborazo?" "I do not," says the candidate. "Then you will not do for a clerk," says the competitive examiner. Does Moneygrub of Muckborough know? He does not; nor anything else. The clerk may be able to answer some of the questions put to him. Moneygrub could not answer one of them. But he is very fit for a legislator.

Mr. MacBorrowdale. Eh! but he is subjected to a pretty severe competitive examination of his own, by what they call a constituency, who just put him to the test in the art

of conjuring, to see if he can shift money from his own pocket into theirs, without any inconvenient third party being aware of the transfer.

XXXIII.

JAMES HOGG.

THE SKYLARK.

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place,—
Oh to abide in the desert with thee!

Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!

Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling place—
Oh to abide in the desert with thee!

NOTES

I.—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Ode on Intimations of Immortality.

The theory—poetical rather than philosophical, though it is akin to Plato's doctrine of *ἀνάμνησις*—upon which this poem depends is as follows: In the minds of children a beautiful or interesting object often arouses a feeling that they have seen it before. Moreover, the love of Nature is stronger in childhood, and only occasionally returns as we grow older. That, says the poet, is because memories of heaven still hang about the child; in other words, the recollections of childhood are a proof—or, at least, an intimation—that the soul is immortal. Apart from this theory, the Ode is a fine expression of the doctrine of the soul's immortality. The student of metre will observe that there is no correspondence between the strophes of this ode, as there should be in the Pindaric ode. Gray alone has faithfully observed this rule. In fact the name 'ode' is frequently misused throughout this Epoch.

II.—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Ode to Duty.

This poem develops the theme that love is the best guide in life, but that when it fails, as it is liable to do in 'chance desires,' Duty is to be called in as a safeguard. The poet sometimes feels the need of external compulsion.

III.—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

SONNETS.

These sonnets are found in the collection named *Sonnets Dedicated to Liberty*, and appeared in 1807. The appeal to Milton is significant, for the whole style of these sonnets, with their gravity and dignity, is redolent of Milton, whose own sonnets—'alas! too few'—aroused the country like a trumpet.

The sonnet is a fourteen-lined composition of five-foot lines, with a more or less intricate scheme of rhymes. There are various forms of it. Shakespeare adopted a simpler form. Petrarch, the Italian poet of the fourteenth century, is the master of this species of composition.

(i.) On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic.

The Venetian Republic, which for many centuries had flourished in trade and made important conquests in Greece and the East, eventually

fell a victim to commercial decay, accentuated by its oligarchic form of government. Wordsworth is alluding to the Treaty of Campo Formio, 1797, by which Napoleon handed Venice over to Austria.

1. **in fee.** A legal term ; she held it as a source of revenue on condition of military service.
8. **the everlasting Sea.** Venice was called 'the Bride of the Adriatic.' There was an interesting ceremony by which the Duke or Doge of Venice solemnly espoused the Adriatic in the name of the Republic by dropping a golden ring into the water.

(ii.) ENGLAND, 1802.

The year 1802 was the year before the declaration of war against Napoleon. Sonnet IV. was probably written after the declaration, and possibly after the Battle of Trafalgar in 1805.

(v.)

The poet raises his voice once more against the worship of money, and in favour of the love of Nature.

. **Proteus** and **Triton** were ancient gods of the sea. Triton played upon the 'conch,' or sea-shell, as his trumpet. 'Wreathed' probably means 'twisted,' another form of 'writhed.'

IV.—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

LYRICS OF NATURE

I have selected this title (which is not Wordsworth's) as a convenient heading for a series of specimens of what forms the greater part of the poet's work. They express his delight in scenes and persons of natural beauty, and his sympathy with the soul of Nature.

(iv.) TO THE SKYLARK.

This poem is to be compared with those of Shelley and Keats on similar subjects. It is to be observed that this poem is simply a piece of natural history from which the poet is content to draw a moral, contained in the last couplet.

V.—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

The Rime of the Ancyent Marinere (as it was originally spelt) first appeared in *Lyrical Ballads* (see the Introduction), 1798. It is the longest poem there, as it is in this book. It is a weird tale of the sea, of enthralling interest and most powerful description, told in the old ballad style with many of the ballad tricks—repetitions and the like. Its moral is contained in the verse :

'He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small ;
For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.'

It is, perhaps, the best narrative poem in the English language, and is certainly the only complete and satisfactory poem by Coleridge.

The spelling is whimsically archaic in places, but by no means consistent. I give here Coleridge's revised text, which omits many of the archaisms and some of the horrors of the first edition.

12. **eftsoons** = immediately.
48. The foe is so close that the fugitive actually treads his shadow.
62. **swound** = swoon.
63. **Albatross,** a very large white sea-bird. The story is founded upon a story in Shelvocke's travels.
76. **vespers** = evenings.
98. **uprist** = uprose.
153. **wist,** knew, from the Anglo-Saxon *witan,* from which we get 'wot' and 'to wit.'
168. **weal,** good, as in 'weal or woe.'
184. **gossamers,** spider's webs.
209. **cloam,** clomb, climbed.
435. **charnel-dungeon,** a place for the dead.
489. **Rood,** cross.
535. **ivy-tod,** ivy-bush, from Spenser's *Shepheard's Calender.*

VI.—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Kubla Khan.

This lovely fragment is, as one might have guessed, an opium dream. The poet had fallen asleep as he read in *Purchas his Pilgrimage,* a book of Eastern travel, this sentence: 'Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto.' In the judgment of Mr. Swinburne, himself a master of verbal music, this is the most wonderful poem in the world.

The poem does not appear to require geographical or other notes. The whole fragment is given in the text. 'In Xamdu did Cubla Can' is the beginning of Purchas's account.

VII.—CHARLES LAMB.

(i.) The Old Familiar Faces.

This is one of the few successful experiments of English poets in classical metres. It is apparently the Sapphic stanza without the short line called Adonius. Here is a Sapphic stanza by Horace:

Terruit gentes grave ne rediret
Sæculum Pyrrhæ nova monstra questæ
Omne cum Proteus pecus egit altos
Visere montes.

The first three lines scan thus:

– ⏑ – | – ⏑ ⏑ | – ⏑ | – ⏑

Ĭ hăve hād plāy | mātes, Ĭ hăve | hād cŏm | pāniōns.

10. **I have a friend,** refers to Charles Lloyd; **ingrate,** ungrateful person.
16. **Friend of my bosom,** the poet Coleridge.

(ii.) HESTER.

The grave music of this lyrical lament is evidently due to Lamb's study of the Elizabethan song-writers. It should be compared with Herrick's poem (see *The Milton Epoch*):

'What needs complaints
When she a place
Has with the race
Of Saints?'

VIII.—CHARLES LAMB.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

This, one of the *Essays of Elia*, has been selected as a favourable example of what is perhaps the principal charm of these charming works —the mixture of humour and melancholy, the sweet egoism of the 'gentle Elia.' The musical style derives much of its eloquence from the intermixture of the quaint old terms of speech, and evidently owes much to a study of Sir Thomas Browne (see *The Milton Epoch*), whose *Hydriotaphia* is full of similar musings upon mortality.

5. **desuetude,** a growing out of use. There is no convenient synonym for this word.
22. **a contemporary**. Coleridge, *Ode to the Departing Year*.
31. **welcome the coming,** etc. From Pope's *Odyssey*, xv. 84.
47. **Alice W——n.** Alice Winterton was the name of Lamb's beloved, really Alice Simmons. He renounced marriage to take care of his poor sister Mary.
49. **that legacy.** Dorrell was a dishonest lawyer, often alluded to by Lamb.
51. **in banco,** in the bank. Curiously enough, £2,000 was precisely the sum that Charles Lamb left behind him.
60. **the man Elia**—*i.e.*, himself. The name was that of a foreign clerk who had preceded him in the East India House. Borrowed as a pseudonym.
62. **a notorious * * *.** The most hardened editor would not seek to penetrate the secret of these asterisks!
64. **a stammering buffoon**. It was his stammer that prevented Lamb from proceeding to the University as a Christ's Hospital 'Grecian' should have done. His weakness, as he knew, was the making of small puns. At one time he eked out his income by supplying jokes to the newspapers.
74. **at Christ's.** See the Introduction.
78. **sophisticated,** made unnatural by self-consciousness.
87. **idiosyncrasy,** personal peculiarity.
91. **idea.** Here in its true sense of a mental picture.
112. **audits,** a metaphor from his office; an investigation of accounts.
128. **weaned** from the world, prepared to leave it: an exquisite metaphor.
133. **Lavinian shores.** The reference is to Vergil's *Æneid*. Æneas carried his household gods from Troy to the kingdom of Lavinus in Italy.
146. **intuition,** perception not based on reason: a logical term.
150. **sweet assurance of a look**. From an Elizabethan *Elegy on Sir Philip Sidney*, by M. Roydon.
156. **burgeon,** bud.

162. **Phœbus' sickly sister,** the moon. See Song of Solomon, viii. 8.
165. **the Persian,** the followers of Zoroaster, who worshipped fire, and especially the sun.
167. **humours,** an old medical term for the juices of the body.
174. **Friar John,** a swearing friar in Rabelais.
179. **positive.** This and **privation** are logical terms. Death is a 'privation,' or negative, in that it deprives us of life. If it is to bring punishment, it is more than a negative evil.
195. **a jolly candidate for 1821.** This essay refers to the New Year of 1820, when Lamb was, as he says above, forty-five. He lived until December 27, 1834.
200. **Mr. Cotton** lived from 1630 to 1687, and was a friend of Izaak Walton.
205. **Janus,** a Roman god; he had two faces, and the month of January was sacred to him.
250. **brimmers,** bumpers.

IX.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Lyrics.

The longer poems of Scott, such as *Marmion* and *The Lady of the Lake*, are so thoroughly well known in our schools that it has seemed better to represent his poetical gifts by a few occasional lyrics, in which, indeed, the manly note of all his work is most pronounced.

(i.)

This song occurs in *Old Mortality*. 'The sensual world' is the world where the gratification of the senses is the chief ambition.

(ii.)

Coronach is the Gaelic for a lament.
15. **in flushing,** in full bloom.
17. **correi,** covert.
18. **cumber,** trouble.

(iv.)

Madge Wildfire sings this ballad on her death-bed in *The Heart of Midlothian*. Though it is Scott's own composition, the laconic melancholy of the song is typical of the Border minstrelsy. The 'six braw gentlemen' are the bearers at her funeral.

X.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

From 'Guy Mannering.'

This extract is not given as a sample of Scott's powers as a novelist, which surely need no illustration, but solely for the magnificent piece of rhetoric in the gipsy's speech.

The Laird of Ellangowan is Mr. Bertram. He has just given orders to evict the gipsies or 'Maroons' of Derncleugh, who had long inhabited a city of refuge on his lands. He meets the gipsies as they are going. Meg Merrilees is one of the old prophetesses of the tribe.

28. **to our cuddies as to his gelding,** to our donkeys as to his horse.
40. **the young man who had been pressed**—that is, 'carried off by the press-gang to serve in the navy.' Scott adds a note that this incident is a literal fact.

52. **Calotte.** The Regiment de la Calotte was a society of satirists formed in 1702. They issued burlesque commissions and wrote endless lampoons and satires on the courtiers and wits of the Court of Louis XIV. and XV.
103. **thack,** thatch. **cottar,** peasant.
105. **stirks,** heifers; **shealings,** huts.
109. **sunkets,** delicacies.
113. **bields,** sheds for cattle. **tod,** fox.
121. **reise,** sapling.
124. **Margaret of Anjou,** widow of Henry VI., the heroine of the Wars of the Roses.

XI.—ROBERT SOUTHEY.

This short poem is a typical example of this Laureate's style. It is a mixture of reminiscences. Phrases like 'these casual eyes,' and antitheses like 'delight in weal . . . relief in woe,' 'virtues love . . . faults condemn,' remind the reader of the style of Addison. On the other hand, the metre is Elizabethan, and the final couplet is an echo of Sir W. Raleigh's lyric *The Conclusion*, which ends—

> 'But from this Earth, this Grave, this Dust,
> My God shall raise me up, I trust.'

XII.—SONGS OF THE SEA.

Some of the best English popular songs are our nautical ditties, and the best of them were produced at this period, when the fear of Buonaparte and the exploits of Nelson turned every man's thoughts to the sea.

(i.)

Allan Cunningham (1784-1842) was a Scotch mason employed in the workshop of the famous sculptor Chantrey. He wrote some excellent songs, of which this and a pathetic Scotch song, *It's Hame and it's Hame*, are the best.

For the landsman's benefit it may be observed that a 'sheet' is not a sail, but the rope by which the corner of a sail is secured. The wish for a 'wet sheet' is a wish for a strong breeze that will heel the vessel over and make the mainsheet dip in the water. A 'flowing sea' means a favouring tide.

(ii.)

For details about Thomas Campbell see the Introduction.

(iii.)

Charles Dibdin (1745-1814) wrote more than thirteen hundred songs, the greater part of them nautical, and in any representative collection of popular English songs he holds the premier place. He was granted, like Campbell, a pension of £200 a year by Pitt, who recognized his services to our naval success. His most famous song is, perhaps, *Tom Bowling.*

flip, an old-fashioned drink dear to mariners.

XIII.—J. BLANCO WHITE.

SONNET ON NIGHT.

Coleridge, with little exaggeration, calls this the most magnificent sonnet in our language. Its author was a Spaniard, though his father was of Irish ancestry. He was born at Seville in 1775, and settled in England in 1810. English was never his natural language. His *Autobiography* tells the story of an interesting career. He died in 1841.

Hesperus is the evening star, and so the evening.

XIV.—LORD BYRON.

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

(From 'DON JUAN.')

Here we have a stirring and eloquent song in praise of Greek liberty, for which the poet gave his life, though by no means typical of the whole poem *Don Juan*. The *Isles of Greece* is supposed to be sung at the marriage-feast of Don Juan and the young Greek maiden Haidee by an old Greek bard.

2. **Sappho** was an early Greek poetess who committed suicide for love. Her home was Lesbos, and she lived in the sixth and seventh centuries B.C.
7. **Scian and the Teian muse.** Scian refers to Simonides (born 556 B.C.) of Ceos (called in Byron's time Scio) who sang of the Persian wars; Anacreon of Teos flourished about 530 B.C., and wrote chiefly drinking-songs.
13. **Marathon,** near Athens; scene of the great battle, 490 B.C., in which the Athenians, under Miltiades, defeated a great host of Persians.
20. **Salamis** was the scene of a great naval battle in 480 B.C., in which the Athenians, under Themistocles, defeated the Persian fleet under the eyes of Xerxes, its king.
42. **Thermopylæ.** At the pass of that name, 300 Spartans, under their king Leonidas, held the whole Persian army in check (481 B.C.), and finally perished at their posts.
55. **Pyrrhic dance,** a dance of warriors with shield and spear, some resemblance of which was still kept up in Byron's day. The **Pyrrhic phalanx** was a formation of troops invented by King Pyrrhus.
59. **Cadmus,** the traditional founder of Thebes and inventor of the Greek alphabet. He was supposed to be a Phenician.
64. **Polycrates,** a famous tyrant of Samos; patron of poets.
67. **tyrant of the Chersonese.** Miltiades (see above) possessed a family estate on the Hellespont (*Chersonese* means peninsula), where he ruled as a tyrant.
74. **Suli.** The Suliotes of Epirus were the most martial people of modern Greece. **Parga** is on the coast of Epirus south of Corfu.
78. **Heracleidan.** The royal family of Sparta descended traditionally from Hercules. The Spartans were of Doric race.
79. **Franks,** foreigners generally.
91. **Sunium,** or Cape Colonnaes, a striking promontory on the coast of Attica bearing a ruined temple.

XV.—LORD BYRON.

THE OCEAN.

This is, perhaps, the most famous of all those bursts of eloquence which light up the formless story of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*. The metre is the Spenserian stanza.

XVI.—LORD BYRON.

MINOR POEMS.

(i.)

Chillon Castle stands out into the Lake of Geneva. The tourist is still shown the place where the hapless Bonnivard was imprisoned for years by the Duke of Savoy, and Byron's name scratched on a pillar. The thrifty Swiss proprietor has effaced the marks of the prisoner's feet with a neat coat of cement! Byron was much impressed by the story, and wrote a full account of it.

(iii.)

This was one of the poet's first songs (1816), addressed to Mary Chaworth, the heroine of his first and only true love.

XVII.—WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

For the author's life and work, see the Introduction. There is only space here for a few typical epigrams and lyrics.

(i.)

This is a fragment without context. The subject is the death of a wife and the sorrow of a husband. There is no piece of blank verse which can show a more tender music or greater concentration. Something of these qualities mark the whole of Landor's great blank-verse poem *Gebir*.

The allusions and the background are all classical. The hair of the dead was an offering to the Fates. The old boat incorruptible is the ferry-boat of Charon, which carried the dead across the River Styx.

XVIII.—THOMAS MOORE.

This is a specimen of Moore's *Irish Melodies*, tender, melancholy songs, extremely popular in their day.

XIX.—PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

TO A SKYLARK.

The student should regard this Ode as typical of Shelley's mind and his art in general, comparing it with Wordsworth's work of the same title. Wordsworth is content to describe the thing heard objectively—that is, as an object worthy in itself of beautiful description. The subjective mind of Shelley tries to analyse the effect upon his own consciousness. The skylark is for him not a natural object so much as a mysterious influence of beauty that thrills the soul of the listener. He describes this influence by a variety of delightful analogies which are anything but obvious. Thus, though to both poets the essential fact is the same—namely, a stream

of song proceeding from an invisible source—yet to Wordsworth it suggests thoughts connected with its objective existence—is it singing to its mate? can it see its nest?—and a moral for human beings. To Shelley it suggests the influence of beauty upon man. In line 15, for *unbodied* some read *embodied*, which perhaps suits the sense better, but on critical grounds *unbodied* must be retained.

XX.—PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Ode to the West Wind.

'Conceived and chiefly written in a wood that skirts the Arno near Florence.'

In this Ode—perhaps the clearest in meaning of all the longer lyrics of Shelley—is the very epitome of Shelley's work. It is the prayer of a pagan Nature-worshipper, addressed to the West Wind, praying it to carry his spirit to the ends of the earth. The reader should notice the poet's very true description of himself—'One too like thee: tameless and swift and proud'; also his constantly repeated message that Spring is coming for the world, the Spring of a moral, intellectual, and political awakening.

The metre is curious. Though called an ode, it is a series of sonnets of peculiar form. The rhymes are arranged *a b a b c b c d c d e d e e;* this gives a stanza simpler than the sonnet of Wordsworth and Milton, more elaborate than that of Shakespeare.

21. **Maenads**, frenzied women-worshippers of Bacchus.
32. **Pumice isle.** The Bay of Baiae lies a little to the north of Naples and Vesuvius. Under the sea can be seen the foundations of Roman villas.

XXII.—PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Two Songs.

(i.)

This is one of the lyrics from Shelley's greatest work, the drama of *Prometheus Unbound*. One of the Spirits sings this song. There is a reflection of Shakespeare's *Ariel* in this spirit.

(ii.)

This was written in 1821. It is unknown to whom it was addressed.

XXIII.—PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Adonais.

John Keats died of consumption at Rome on February 23, 1821, in his twenty-fourth year. Shelley wrote this lament for him in May of the same year. Shelley prefixes to the poem four lines from Moschus' lament for Bion, beginning *φάρμακον ἦλθε*. The title and some of the ideas are taken from Bion's lament for Adonis, a beautiful Greek youth who was beloved by a goddess and died, even as Keats died, in the flower of his youth and beauty. Shelley therefore calls Keats 'Adonais,' as Milton called his friend 'Lycidas.' Of the five great poetical laments (Moschus for Bion, Vergil for 'Daphnis,' Milton for 'Lycidas,' Shelley for Keats, and Tennyson for Hallam), this is certainly the greatest, alike in passion, depth of thought, and technical beauty.

1. This first line is from Bion—*αἰάζω τὸν "Αδωνιν· ἀπώλετο καλὸς "Αδωνις.*
12. **Urania,** 'the heavenly' one of the nine Muses. Though astronomy was her special function, her name makes her appropriate to this occasion. **lorn** = forlorn.
15. **one,** one of her train; **he** in line 18 is Adonais.
29. This stanza refers to Milton. The other two 'Sons of Light' are probably Homer and Dante.
40. Others who put limits to their ambition still live on, while great and brilliant luminaries like Milton and Keats have gone.
52. **blew** = bloomed.
68. **his** = Keats's; **her** = Corruption's.
94. **anadem,** crown.
107. **clips,** embraces.
133. The nymph Echo pined away for love of the youth Narcissus.
140. Phœbus loved Hyacinthus, and Narcissus was in love with his own image.
144. **odour** is all turned to **sighing** pity.
152. This is the first introduction of a charge often repeated in this poem—namely, that Keats was killed by an anonymous criticism in the *Quarterly Review.* The truth of this charge has already been considered in the Introduction. It is probably an exaggeration, but undoubtedly a savage and wholly unmerited attack coming upon a young poet in the last stages of disease, however bravely he might talk of it, would hasten and embitter his end. The authorship of this criticism was long ascribed to Dean Milman, but it is now asserted by Mr. William Rossetti to attach to a nephew of the poet Coleridge, who became a Judge.
160. **brere** = brier.
177. Nothing visible dies: even the corpse reappears in other forms of life. Is it likely, then, that the soul dies? Can the sword be consumed before the sheath?
186. **who lends what life must borrow.** I take this to mean the soul which comes from oblivion and returns to it.
198. **the fading splendour,** Urania herself.
208. This stanza most beautifully suggests the hardness of men's hearts, which can wound the poet, but not repel the power of poetry.
229. **kiss me so long,** etc., from Bion: *τοσσοῦτόν με φίλασον ὅσον ζώει τὸ φίλαμα.*
250. **the Pythian of the age.** Pythian is a title of Apollo, who was bard and archer too. I suppose the allusion is to Byron, who launched his clever satire, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,* at the critics who had assailed him.
263. **magic** should probably be 'tragic,' as W. Rossetti suggests.
264. **the Pilgrim of Eternity** is Byron. Like a pilgrim, he found no rest, but wandered from place to place, and, in imagination, from age to age. The name is specially due to his identification with the hero of his *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.*
268. **Ierne** is a Greek form of Hibernia used by Claudian. The reference is to Thomas Moore.
271. **one frail form.** Shelley himself fills the next four stanzas.
276. **Actæon-like.** Actæon was a Greek hunter who saw Diana bathing and as a penalty was devoured by his own hounds.

298. **partial** almost = loving.
306. **which was like Cain's.** Shelley speaks of himself as an outcast from society, as indeed he was.
307. **what softer voice,** Leigh Hunt (see the Introduction).
327. **thou noteless blot,** an unknown scribbler blotting the immortal fame of Keats. Shelley believes the anonymous critic to be Milman.
381. **plastic stress,** moulding pressure. The One Spirit, Shelley's God of Nature, by the pressure of his hand, forms human clay in the shape he desires, compelling all new successors to the heritage of life to wear what forms they do put on. The unwilling dross, the worthless part of matter, that checks the flight of the Spirit, is forced to wear the likeness of the Spirit, as it may.
388. **firmament,** sky.
399. **Chatterton,** the wonderful boy poet who died at the age of eighteen in 1770 by his own hand (see *The Johnson Epoch*).
401. **Sidney,** Sir Philip Sidney, the jewel of Elizabeth's court, friend of Spenser, author of the prose romance *Arcadia* and the sonnet-series *Astrophel and Stella*, who died most chivalrously on the field of Zutphen (see *The Spenser Epoch*).
404. **Lucan,** a Roman poet, author of the *Pharsalia*, an epic poem of the war between Cæsar and Pompey, born A.D. 39, much admired by Lord Macaulay, but generally judged to be cold and oratorical. **By his death approved**: the *Pharsalia* gave offence to the tyrant Nero, who forbade Lucan to write any more poetry. The poet, in his resentment, joined the conspiracy of Piso, and when that failed was ordered to destroy himself. He had a vein opened, and while he was dying, declaimed some of his own verses which described a similar scene—such is the account which Shelley followed.
414. **Vesper,** evening star.
415. **Who mourns for Adonais?** This stanza marks the boundless difference between the promise and the fulfilment of Keats, and the immensity of the hopes cut off by his early death.
432. **and of the past,** 'and are the only part of the past that cannot pass away.'
451. **these graves are all too young.** Shelley is thinking, perhaps, of the grave, close by, of his own dearly loved child William.
495. **Beacons from the abode.** Little more than a year afterwards, Shelley's heart was buried in the same cemetery at Rome, under the shadow of the pyramid of Caius Cestius.

XXIV.—JOHN KEATS.

Ode to a Nightingale.

This is to be compared with the Odes *To a Skylark* of Wordsworth and Shelley. It is not a piece of natural history like that of Wordsworth, but like that of Shelley, with which it has far more in common, the song of the bird suggests a certain train of thought. To Shelley that train of thought is his gospel of Beauty; to Keats it suggests thoughts of death. It is characteristic, also, that Keats loves the sad nightingale—who to the ancient Greeks was a spirit weeping for her child—rather than the cheerful lark. But to him the song suggests thoughts of the bird's greater happiness, of southern suns and vintages; thoughts of his own unhappiness—'the

weariness, the fever, and the fret'; thoughts of his devouring and inevitable disease, 'where youth grows pale and spectre-thin, and dies'; thoughts of the blessedness of death at such a moment—'to cease upon the midnight with no pain.' To Keats, as to Shelley, beauty was all in all; but to Shelley, with his essentially political soul, beauty is the chief element in his dreams of a better world. To Keats it is his sole refuge from the horror of his own fate and the shadow under which his young life was clouded. To both poets the world is unsatisfactory; Shelley would 'remould it nearer to his heart's desire,' Keats would hide from it in a world of romance or imaginary beauty.

4. **One minute past,** 'a moment ago'; **Lethe** was the river of forgetfulness in the under-world of the ancients.
7. **Dryad,** a tree-nymph.
16. **Hippocrene,** a fountain on Mount Helicon, from which the Muses drank; the wine is spoken of as the poet's inspiration. Notice that Keats anglicizes the name by reducing it to three syllables.
32. **pards.** The chariot of Bacchus was drawn by a team of leopards (see Titian's famous picture).
46. **eglantine,** the poetical name of the wild-rose.
51. **Darkling,** an adverb, in the dark.

XXV.—JOHN KEATS.

La Belle Dame Sans Merci.

The title, and the title alone, is borrowed from the Provençal singer, Alain Chartier. This exquisite fairy ballad is the only thing of its kind written by Keats. It has been imitated by Dante Rossetti and his sister Christina. The story is of a medieval enchantress, like the Sirens or Circe, a beautiful woman whose kiss was death to the soul. The metre is worth notice. By shortening the fourth line of the ballad stanza, Keats has produced a singularly pathetic effect.

XXVII.—JOHN KEATS.

Ode to Autumn.

One of the loveliest pieces of *personification* in our language. A picture without a moral—after the usual fashion of Keats. The metre is curious and beautiful, the rhyme-scheme being intricate and original.

XXVIII.—JOHN KEATS.

A Thing of Beauty.

These lines form the opening to *Endymion*, and contain the account of the poet's purpose in writing it—to make a 'bower quiet for us' of beauty, into which the troubled soul shall retire for rest.

XXIX.—JOHN KEATS.

Sonnet.

This is one of the poet's many beautiful sonnets. It will be observed that he adheres to the strictest form of that style of composition, which allows only three rhymes.

XXX.—JOHN KEATS.

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN.

The poet has before him one of these Greek vases—there are hundreds of them in the British Museum—of graceful outline, painted in black and terra-cotta with scenes of Greek life. On one side is a maiden struggling to escape—perhaps Iphigenia or Daphne—and a youth playing underneath a tree. On the other is a sacrifice (surely it is Iphigenia) and a town. The Ode represents the poet's musings over these scenes. The rhyme-scheme is again curious and original.

41. **brede** = braid, a word that Keats had probably found in Chatterton.

XXXI.—THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

THE WAR SONG OF DINAS VAWR.

This is one of many excellent songs in *The Misfortunes of Elphin*, a satirical romance of ancient Wales. It is thus introduced: 'The hall of Melvas was full of magnanimous heroes who were celebrating their own exploits in sundry choruses, especially that which follows, which is here put upon record as being the quintessence of all the war-songs that ever were written, and the sum and substance of all the appetencies, tendencies, and consequences of military glory.'

XXXII.—THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

FROM 'GRYLL GRANGE.'

This conversation requires no context. Peacock often assails the new-fangled practice of competitive examination. He himself got his post at the East India House by favour and luck, and he was probably conscious that he had justified his appointment.

Hermogenes of Tarsus, a Greek rhetorician of the reign of M. Aurelius, who left many works of rhetoric, and died at the age of twenty-five.

Brindley, a famous engineer of Peacock's day who made the Bridgewater Canal.

Edward Williams, builder of the bridge, Pont-y-prydd.

Plato, *Alcibiades*, i., and **Persius**, *Sat.*, iv., are suggested.

XXXIII.—JAMES HOGG.

THE SKYLARK.

Yet another skylark! This is different from all the others, being a song, pure and simple, with its own music. In design and subject it resembles the work of Wordsworth rather than any of the others.

James Hegg was, like Burns, a Scottish peasant. From his occupation and his place of abode in Selkirkshire he is known as 'the Ettrick Shepherd.' *The Queen's Wake*, a series of ballads, is his principal work; he also wrote some prose, and assisted Scott in compiling *The Border Minstrelsy*. He lived from 1770 to 1835.

BILLING AND SONS, LTD., PRINTERS, GUILDFORD

ARNOLD'S SCHOOL SERIES.

ENGLISH.

EPOCHS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By J. C. STOBART, M.A., Assistant Master at Merchant Taylors' School, formerly Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge. In nine volumes. Price 1s. 6d. each.

Vol. I. **The Chaucer Epoch.**
Vol. II. **The Spenser Epoch.**
Vol. III. **The Shakespeare Epoch.**
Vol. IV. **The Milton Epoch.**
Vol. V. **The Dryden Epoch.**
Vol. VI. **The Pope Epoch.**
Vol. VII. **The Johnson Epoch.**
Vol. VIII. **The Wordsworth Epoch**
Vol. IX. **The Tennyson Epoch.**

ARNOLD'S SCHOOL SHAKESPEARE. Issued under the General Editorship of Professor J. CHURTON COLLINS.

Price 1s. 3d. each.

Macbeth.
Twelfth Night.
As You Like It.
Julius Cæsar.
Midsummer Night's Dream.
The Merchant of Venice.
The Tempest.

Price 1s. 6d. each.

King Lear.
Richard II.
Henry V.
Richard III.
King John.
Coriolanus.
Hamlet.

ARNOLD'S BRITISH CLASSICS FOR SCHOOLS. Issued under the General Editorship of Professor J. CHURTON COLLINS.

Paradise Lost, Books I. and II. 1s. 3d.
Paradise Lost, Books III. and IV. 1s. 3d.
Marmion. 1s. 6d.
The Lay of the Last Minstrel. 1s. 3d.
The Lady of the Lake. 1s. 6d.
Childe Harold. 2s.
Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome. 1s. 6d.

ARNOLD'S ENGLISH TEXTS. A Series of Texts of English Classics, to which nothing has been added but a small glossary of archaic or unusual words. Paper, 6d. each; cloth, 8d. each.

I. MACBETH.
II. HENRY V.
III. THE TEMPEST.
IV. AS YOU LIKE IT.
V. TWELFTH NIGHT.
VI. CORIOLANUS.

STEPS TO LITERATURE. A Graduated Series of Reading Books for Preparatory Schools and Lower Form Pupils. Seven books, prices 10d. to 1s. 6d. With beautiful Illustrations, many of them being reproductions of Old Masters.

IN GOLDEN REALMS. An English Reading Book for Junior Forms. 224 pages. Illustrated. Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s. 3d.

IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS. An English Reading Book for Middle Forms. 256 pages. Illustrated. Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s. 6d.

THE GREENWOOD TREE. A Book of Nature Myths and Verses. 224 pages. Illustrated. 1s. 3d.

LAUREATA. Edited by RICHARD WILSON, B.A. Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s. 6d. Beautifully printed and tastefully bound.
A collection of gems from the best poets from Shakespeare to Swinburne.

TELLERS OF TALES. Edited by RICHARD WILSON, B.A. Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s. 6d.
Biographies of some English novelists, with Extracts from their works.

POETS' CORNER. Selected Verses for Young Children. Fcap. 8vo., 1s.

LONDON: EDWARD ARNOLD, 41 & 43 MADDOX STREET, W.

ENGLISH.

Selections from Matthew Arnold's Poems. Edited with Introduction and Notes, by RICHARD WILSON, B.A. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

Selections from the Poems of Tennyson. Edited with Introduction and Notes, by the Rev. E. C. EVERARD OWEN, M.A. 1s. 6d.

A Book of Poetry. Edited by M. B. WARRE CORNISH. 200 pages. Cloth, 1s. 3d. Also in Three Parts, paper covers, 4d. each.

Lingua Materna. By RICHARD WILSON, B.A. 3s. 6d.

A First Course in English Literature. By RICHARD WILSON, B.A. 144 pages. Crown 8vo., 1s.

A First Course in English Analysis and Grammar. By RICHARD WILSON, B.A. 144 pages. Crown 8vo., 1s.

Exercises for Parsing in Colour. By EDITH HASTINGS, Headmistress of Wimbledon High School. Cloth, 1s. 6d. Also in Three Parts, each containing Colour Chart, paper covers, 6d. each.

HISTORY.

A History of England. By C. W. OMAN, M.A., Chichele Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. Fully furnished with Maps, Plans of the Principal Battlefields, and Genealogical Tables. 760 pages. Thirteenth Edition (to end of South African War). Crown 8vo., cloth, 5s.

Special Editions, each volume containing a separate index.

In Two Parts, 3s. each: Part I., from the Earliest Times to 1603; Part II., from 1603 to 1902.

In Three Divisions: Division I., to 1307, 2s., Division II., 1307 to 1688, 2s.; Division III., 1688 to 1902, 2s. 6d.

*** *In ordering please state the period required, to avoid confusion.*

England in the Nineteenth Century. By C. W. OMAN, M.A., With Maps and Appendices. Revised Edition. Crown 8vo., 3s. 6d.

A Junior History of England. From the Earliest Times to the Death of Queen Victoria. By C. W. OMAN, M.A., and MARY OMAN. Cloth, 2s.

Questions on Oman's History of England. By R. H. BOOKEY, M.A. Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s.

A Synopsis of English History. By C. H. EASTWOOD, Headmaster of Redheugh Board School, Gateshead. 2s.

Seven Roman Statesmen. A detailed study of the Gracchi, Cato, Marius, Sulla, Pompey, Cæsar. Illustrated. By C. W. OMAN, M.A. About 320 pages. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s.

Greek Lives from Plutarch. Translated by C. E. Byles, B.A., and containing the following lives: Theseus, Lycurgus, Themistocles, Aristides, Pericles, Alcibiades, Dion, Demosthenes, and Alexander. With illustrations and maps. Crown 8vo., 1s. 6d.

English History for Boys and Girls. By E. S. SYMES, Author of "The Story of Lancashire," "The Story of London," etc. With numerous Illustrations. 2s. 6d.

Men and Movements in European History. Illustrated. Small crown 8vo., 1s. 6d.

Britain as Part of Europe. 256 pages. Illustrated. 1s. 6d.

Wardens of Empire. 224 pages. Fully illustrated. 1s. 6d.

HISTORY.

The Pageant of the Empires. 256 pages. Fully illustrated. 1s. 6d.

Lessons in Old Testament History. By the Venerable A. S. AGLEN, Archdeacon of St. Andrews, formerly Assistant Master at Marlborough College. 450 pages, with Maps. Crown 8vo., cloth, 4s. 6d.

Old Testament History. By the Rev. T. C. FRY, Headmaster of Berkhamsted School. Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d.

GEOGRAPHY.

Arnold's Home and Abroad Atlas. Containing 24 full-page (11½×9 inches) maps, printed in colour. Bound in a stout paper wrapper. Price 8d. net.

CONTENTS.

1. The World.
2. Europe.
3. The United Kingdom.
4. Scotland.
5. Ireland.
6. France.
7. The German Empire.
8. Austria-Hungary.
9. Spain and Portugal.
10. Italy.
11. Scandinavia.
12 & 13. England & Wales.
14. The Balkan Peninsula
15. European Russia.
16. Asia.
17. India.
18. Africa.
19. North America.
20. South America.
21. Canada.
22. The United States.
23. Australia.
24. South Africa, New Zealand, Tasmania.

The London School Atlas. Edited by the Right Hon. H. O. ARNOLD-FORSTER, M.P. A magnificent Atlas, including 48 pages of Coloured Maps. The size of the Atlas is about 12 by 9 inches, and it is issued in the following editions:

Stout paper wrapper, with cloth strip at back, 1s. 6d.
Paper boards, 2s.
Cloth cut flush, 2s. 6d.
Limp Cloth, 3s.
Cloth gilt, bevelled edges, 3s. 6d.

A Manual of Physiography. By ANDREW HERBERTSON, Ph.D., F.R.G.S., Reader in Regional Geography at the University of Oxford. Fully Illustrated. 4s. 6d.

Arnold's New Shilling Geography. The World, with special reference to the British Empire.

The World's Great Powers—Present and Past. Britain, France, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Italy, Russia, The United States, and Japan. Beautifully Illustrated. 1s. 6d.

The World's Trade and Traders. The World's Divisions—Some Great Trading Spheres—Some Great Trading Centres—Some World Routes. Besutifully Illustrated. 1s. 6d.

Arnold's Geographical Handbooks. A Series of 10 little Manuals providing accurate and clearly-arranged summaries of Geographical information. 8d. each; cloth, 6d.

MATHEMATICS AND SCIENCE.

Arnold's Shilling Arithmetic. By J. P. KIRKMAN, M.A., and J. T. LITTLE, M.A., Assistant Masters at Bedford Grammar School. Cloth, 1s.

A New Arithmetic for Schools. By J. P. KIRKMAN, M.A., and A. E. FIELD, M.A., Assistant Masters at Bedford Grammar School. Cloth, 3s. 6d.

Five Thousand Arithmetical Examples. By R. W. K. EDWARDS, M.A., Lecturer on Mathematics at King's College, London. Crown 8vo., cloth, with or without Answers, 3s. 6d.; Answers separately, 1s.

MATHEMATICS AND SCIENCE—(*Continued*).

Exercises in Arithmetic (Oral and Written). Parts I., II., and III. By C. M. TAYLOR (Mathematical Tripos, Cambridge), Wimbledon High School. Cloth, 1s. 6d. each. (With or without Answers.)

Mensuration. By R. W. K. EDWARDS, M.A., Lecturer on Mathematics at King's College, London. Cloth, 3s. 6d.

The Elements of Algebra. By R. LACHLAN, Sc.D. With or without Answers, 2s. 6d. Answers separately, 1s.

Algebra for Beginners. By J. K. WILKINS, B.A., and W. HOLLINGSWORTH, B.A. In Three Parts. Part I., 4d.; Part II., 4d.; Part III., 6d. Answers to Parts I.-III., in one vol., 6d.

The Elements of Geometry. By R. LACHLAN, Sc.D., and W. C. FLETCHER, M.A. With about 750 Exercises and Answers. Cloth, 2s. 6d.

Elementary Geometry. By W. C. FLETCHER, M.A., Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s. 6d.

A First Geometry Book. By J. G. HAMILTON, B.A., and F. KETTLE, B.A. Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s.

A Second Geometry Book. By J. G. HAMILTON and F. KETTLE. With or without Answers, 2s. 6d.

Elementary Solid Geometry. By F. S. CAREY, M.A., Professor of Mathematics in the University of Liverpool. 2s. 6d.

Elementary Solid Geometry. By W. H. JACKSON, M.A., late Assistant Lecturer in Mathematics in the University of Manchester. Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d.

Geometrical Conics. By G. W. CAUNT, M.A., Lecturer in Mathematics, Armstrong College, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and C. M. JESSOP, M.A., Professor of Mathematics, Armstrong College, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Crown 8vo., 2s. 6d.

The Elements of Euclid. By R. LACHLAN, Sc.D.

Book I. 145 pages, 1s.	**Books I.—IV.** 346 pages, 3s.
Books I. and II. 180 pages, 1s. 6d.	**Books III. and IV.** 164 pages, 2s.
Books I.—III. 304 pages, 2s. 6d.	**Books I.—VI. and XI.** 500 pages. 4s. 6d.
Books IV.—VI. 2s. 6d.	**Book XI.** 1s.

Test Papers in Elementary Mathematics. By A. CLEMENT JONES, M.A., Ph.D., and C. H. BLOMFIELD, M.A., B.Sc., Mathematical Masters at Bradford Grammar School. 250 pages. Crown 8vo., without Answers, cloth, 2s. 6d.; with Answers, 3s. Answers separately, 1s.

Vectors and Rotors. With Applications. By Professor O. HENRICI, F.R.S. Edited by G. C. TURNER, Goldsmith Institute. Crown 8vo., 4s. 6d.

A Note-Book of Experimental Mathematics. By C. GODFREY, M.A., Headmaster of the Royal Naval College, Osborne, and G. M. BELL, B.A., Senior Mathematical Master, Winchester College. Fcap. 4to., paper boards, 2s.

An Elementary Treatise on Practical Mathematics. By JOHN GRAHAM, B.A. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d.

Preliminary Practical Mathematics. By S. G. STARLING, A.R.C.Sc., and F. C. CLARKE, A.R.C.Sc., B.Sc. 1s. 6d.

An Introduction to Elementary Statics (treated Graphically). By R. NETTELL, M.A., Assistant Master, Royal Naval College, Osborne. Fcap. 4to., paper boards, 2s.

Graphs and Imaginaries. By J. G. HAMILTON, B.A., and F. KETTLE, B.A. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

The Principles of Mechanism. By H. A. GABRATT, A.M.I.C.E. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d.

Practical Trigonometry. By H. C. PLAYNE, M.A., Headmaster of Bancroft's School, and R. C. FAWDRY, Assistant Master at Clifton College. Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d.

The Elements of Trigonometry. By R. LACHLAN, Sc.D., and W. C. FLETCHER, M.A. Crown 8vo., viii+164 pages, 2s.

Mathematical Drawing. By Professor G. M. MINCHIN, Cooper's Hill Engineering College, and J. B. DALE, Assistant Professor of Mathematics at King's College, London. 7s. 6d.

Mechanics. A Course for Schools. By W. D. EGGAR, Science Master, Eton College. Crown 8vo., 3s. 6d.

Electricity and Magnetism. By C. E. ASHFORD, M.A., Headmaster of the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, late Senior Science Master at Harrow School. With over 200 Diagrams. Cloth, 3s. 6d.

Magnetism and Electricity. By J. PALEY YORKE, of the Northern Polytechnic Institute, Holloway. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d.

First Steps in the Calculus. By A. F. VAN DER HEYDEN, M.A., Mathematical Master at Middlesbrough High School. 3s.

A Preliminary Course of Practical Physics. By C. E. ASHFORD, M.A., Headmaster of the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth. Fcap. 4to., 1s. 6d.

Advanced Examples in Physics. By A. O. ALLEN, B.A., B.Sc., A.R.C.Sc. Lond., Assistant Lecturer in Physics at Leeds University. 1s. 6d.

A Text-Book of Physics. By Dr. R. A. LEHFELDT. Cloth, 6s.

The Elements of Inorganic Chemistry. For use in Schools and Colleges. By W. A. SHENSTONE, F.R.S., Lecturer in Chemistry at Clifton College. New Edition, revised and enlarged. 554 pages. Cloth, 4s. 6d.

A Course of Practical Chemistry. By W. A. SHENSTONE. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

A First Year's Course of Experimental Work in Chemistry. By E. H. COOK, D.Sc., F.I.C., Principal of the Clifton Laboratory, Bristol. Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s. 6d.

A Text-Book of Physical Chemistry. By Dr. R. A. LEHFELDT. With 40 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. 6d.

Physical Chemistry for Beginners. By Dr. VAN DEVENTER. Translated by Dr. R. A. LEHFELDT. 2s. 6d.

The Standard Course of Elementary Chemistry. By E. J. COX, F.C.S., Headmaster of the Technical School, Birmingham. In Five Parts, issued separately, bound in cloth and illustrated. Parts I.-IV., 7d. each; Part V., 1s. The complete work in one vol., 3s.

First Steps in Quantitative Analysis. By J. C. GREGORY, B.Sc., A.I.C. Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d.

Oblique and Isometric Projection. By J. WATSON. Fcap. 4to., 3s. 6d.

Physiology for Beginners. By LEONARD HILL, M.B. 1s.

A Text-Book of Zoology. By G. P. MUDGE, A.R.C.Sc. Lond., Lecturer on Biology at the London Hospital Medical College. Illustrated. Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

A Class-Book of Botany. By G. P. MUDGE, A.R.C.Sc., and A. J. MASLEN, F.L.S. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

Psychology for Teachers. By C. LLOYD MORGAN, F.R.S., Principal of University College, Bristol. New, Revised and Enlarged Edition. Crown 8vo.

The Laws of Health. By DAVID NABARRO, M.D., B.Sc., Assistant Professor of Pathology and Morbid Anatomy at University College, London. Crown 8vo., 1s. 6d.

Elements of Bookkeeping. By M. WEBSTER JENKINSON, Chartered Accountant. Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s. 6d.

LONDON: EDWARD ARNOLD, 41 & 43 MADDOX STREET, W.

ARNOLD'S SCHOOL SERIES.

GERMAN.

EASY GERMAN TEXTS. For pupils who have acquired a simple vocabulary and the elements of German. Under the General Editorship of WALTER RIPPMANN, M.A., Professor of German at Queen's College, London. With exercises on the text. Small crown 8vo., cloth, 1s. 8d. each.

ANDERSEN'S BILDERBUCH OHNE BILDER (What the Moon Saw).
PRINZESSIN ILSE. By MARIE PETERSEN.
DER TOPFER VON KANDERN. By H. VILLINGER.
DIE FLUT DES LEBENS. By ADOLF STERN.

DER BACKFISCHKASTEN. By FEDOR VON ZOBELTITZ. Edited, with Notes and Vocabulary, by GUSTAV HEIN, German Master at the High School for Girls, Aberdeen, N.B. Authorised Edition. Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s.

A FIRST GERMAN READER. With Questions for Conversation, Grammatical Exercises, Vocabulary, &c. Edited by D. L. SAVORY, B.A., Lecturer in the University of London, Goldsmiths' College. Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s. 6d.

GERMAN WITHOUT TEARS. By Lady BELL. A version in German of "French without Tears." With Illustrations. Cloth.
Part I., 9d. Part II., 1s. Part III., 1s. 3d.

LESSONS IN GERMAN. A Graduated German Course, with Exercises and Vocabulary, by L. INNES LUMSDEN, late Warden of University Hall, St. Andrews. Crown 8vo., 3s.

KLEINES HAUSTHEATER. Fifteen little Plays in German for Children. By Lady BELL. Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s.

VIER KLEINE LUSTSPIELE FÜR DIE JUGEND. By KÄTE WEBER. Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s. 6d.

FRENCH.

ARNOLD'S MODERN FRENCH BOOKS, I. and II. Edited by H. L. HUTTON, M.A., Senior Modern Languages Master at Merchant Taylors' School. Crown 8vo., cloth. Book I., 1s. 6d.; Book II., 2s.

ELEMENTS OF FRENCH COMPOSITION. By J. HOME CAMERON, M.A., Lecturer in French in University College, Toronto, Canada. viii+196 pages. Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d.

ARNOLD'S LECTURES FRANÇAISES. Four Vols. Books I. and II. edited and arranged by JETTA S. WOLFF. Books III. and IV. edited and arranged by M. A. GEROTHWOHL, Litt.D. Illustrated with Reproductions of Paintings by French artists. Book I., 1s. 3d.; Books II., III., IV., 1s. 6d. each.

GRAMMAIRE FRANCAISE. A l'usage des Anglais. Par E. RENAULT, Officier d'Académie; Assistant Lecturer at the University of Liverpool. viii+360 pages. Crown 8vo., cloth, 4s. 6d.

PETITE GRAMMAIRE FRANÇAISE À L'USAGE DES ANGLAIS. Par E. RENAULT. *[In Preparation.*

LE FRANCAIS CHEZ LUI. A French Reader on Reform Lines, with Exercises on Grammar for Middle and Junior Forms. By W. H. HODGES, M.A., Senior Modern Languages Master, St. Lawrence College, Ramsgate, and P. POWELL, M.A., Assistant Master at Loretto School. Cloth, 1s. 3d.

MORCEAUX CHOISIS. French Prose Extracts. Selected and Edited by R. L. A. DU PONTET, M.A., Assistant Master in Winchester College. Explanatory Notes and Short Accounts of the Authors cited are given. Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s. 6d.

POEMES CHOISIS. Selected and Edited by R. L. A. DU PONTET, M.A. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

MISS JETTA S. WOLFF'S BOOKS.

LES FRANCAIS EN MÉNAGE. With Illustrations. 1s. 6d.
LES FRANCAIS EN VOYAGE. Cleverly illustrated. 1s. 6d.
FRANCAIS POUR LES TOUT PETITS. Illustrated. 1s. 3d.
LES FRANCAIS D'AUTREFOIS 1s. 3d.
LES FRANCAIS DU DIX-HUITIÈME SIÈCLE. 1s. 3d.

LONDON: EDWARD ARNOLD, 41 & 43 MADDOX STREET, W.

ARNOLD'S SCHOOL SERIES.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS. A Graduated Series of French Reading Books, carefully arranged to suit the requirements of quite young children. By Lady BELL. Book I., 9d.; Book II., 1s.; Book III., 1s. 3d.

GRADUATED FRENCH UNSEENS. Edited by Professor VICTOR OGER. In four parts. Limp cloth, 8d. each.

A FIRST FRENCH COURSE. Complete, with Grammar, Exercises, and Vocabulary. By JAMES BOÏELLE, B.A. (Univ. Gall.). Cloth, 1s. 6d.

A FIRST FRENCH READER. With Exercises for Re-translation. Edited by W. J. GREENSTREET, M.A. Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s.

FRENCH DRAMATIC SCENES. By C. ABEL MUSGRAVE. With Notes and Vocabulary. Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s.

ARNOLD'S FRENCH TEXTS. An entirely new series of texts, graduated in difficulty, with notes and vocabulary. General Editor: MAURICE A. GEROTHWOHL, B.Litt., L.-ès-L., F.R.L.S., Examiner to the Central Welsh Board. Limp cloth, 6d. each.

Le Forçat ou A tout Péché Miséricorde. By MADAME DE SÉGUR.
Aventures de Tom Pouce. By P. J. STAHL.
L'Histoire de la Mère Michel et de son Chat. By COMTE E. DE LA BEDOLLIÈRE.
Gribouille. By GEORGES SAND.
Laurette ou Le Cachet rouge. By ALFRED DE VIGNY.
La Souris blanche et Les Petits Souliers. By HÉGÉSIPPE MOREAU.
La Vie et ses de Polichinelle et ses Nombreuses Aventures. By OCTAVE FEUILLET.
Crispin rival de son Maître. Comedy in one act. By LE SAGE.
Le Bon Père. Comedy in one act. By FLORIAN.
Monsieur Tringle. By CHAMPFLEURY.
Aventures du Chevalier de Grammont. By Chevalier D'HAMILTON.
Histoire d'un Pointer écossais. By ALEXANDRE DUMAS père.
Deux Heroines de la Revolution. Madame Roland and Charlotte Corday. By JULES MICHELET.
Trafalgar. By JOSEPH MÉRY. 48 pages.
Marie Antoinette. By EDMONN and JULES DE GONCOURT.
Mercadet. By H. DE BALZAC.

SIMPLE FRENCH STORIES. Easy texts, with Notes and Vocabulary, prepared under the General Editorship of Mr. L. VON GLEHN, Assistant Master at Perse School, Cambridge. Limp cloth, 9d. each.

Un Drame dans les Airs. By JULES VERNE.
Pif-Paf. By EDOUARD LABOULAYE.
La Petite Souris Grise; and Histoire de Rosette. By MADAME DE SÉGUR.
Poucinet, and two other tales. By EDOUARD LABOULAYE.
Un Anniversaire à Londres, and two other stories. By P. J. STAHL.
Monsieur le Vent et Madame la Pluie. By PAUL DE MUSSET.
La Fée Grignotte. By Madame DE GIRARDIN. And **La Cuisine au Salon.** From Le Théâtre de Jeunesse.
Gil Blas in the Den of Thieves. Arranged from LE SAGE. With Notes and Vocabulary by R. DE BLANCHAUD, B.A. [*Uniform with the above series.*

ARNOLD'S ADVANCED FRENCH SERIES.

Introduction, Historical Notes, and a few Exercises in French Composition. Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s. 6d.

De l'Angleterre. Par Madame DE STAËL, edited by W. G. HARTOG, B.A., Lecturer in French at University College, London.
These chapters from "Considérations sur la Révolution Francaise" form a fascinating study of England as it appeared to this brilliant Frenchwoman in 1813.

Causeries du Lundi. Par SAINTE-BEUVE, edited by A. W. TRESSLER, M.A., Assistant Master at Charterhouse.

Le Coup d'État. Par VICTOR HUGO. Edited by J. W. LONGSDON, M.A.
An abridgment of that magnificent piece of invective, *Napoléon le Petit.*

LONDON: EDWARD ARNOLD, 41 & 43 MADDOX STREET, W.

ARNOLD'S SCHOOL SERIES.

L'APPRENTI. By EMILE SOUVESTRE. Edited by C. F. HERDENER, French Master at Berkhamsted School. Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON. By MADAME EUGENIE FOA. And **UN CONTE DE L'ABBE DE SAINT-PIERRE.** By EMILE SOUVESTRE. Edited by C. F. HERDENER. Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s.

MEMOIRES D'UN ANE. By MADAME DE SÉGUR, edited by Miss LUCY E. FARRER. Cloth. Crown 8vo., 1s.

LAMARTINE'S MANUSCRIT DE MA MÈRE. Edited by Miss LUCY E. FARRER. Cloth, 1s.

LATIN.

ARNOLD'S LATIN TEXTS. General Editor, A. EVAN BERNAYS, M.A. Each volume consists of a short introduction, text and vocabulary. 64 pages. Cloth limp, 8d. each.

CÆSAR in BRITAIN. By F. J. DOBSON, B.A.

CICERO.—In Catilinam, I. and II. By L. D. WAINWRIGHT, M.A.

CICERO.—Pro Archia. By Mrs. BROCK.

CORNELIUS NEPOS.—Select Lives. By L. D. WAINWRIGHT, M.A.

HORACE.—Odes, Book I. By L. D. WAINWRIGHT, M.A.

LIVY.—Selections. By R. M. HENRY, M.A.

OVID.—Selections. By GEORGE YELD, M.A.

OVID IN EXILE.—Selections from the 'Tristia.' By L. D. WAINWRIGHT, M.A.

PHÆDRUS.—Select Fables. By Mrs. BROCK.

TIBULLUS.—Selections. By F. J. DOBSON, B.A.

VERGIL.—Select Eclogues. By J. C. STOBART, M.A.

VERGIL.—Selections from the Georgics. By J. C. STOBART, M.A.

VIRGIL—ÆNEID Books I., II., and III. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by M. T. TATHAM, M.A. Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s. 6d. each.

CÆSAR'S GALLIC WAR. Books I. and II. Edited by T. W. HADDON, M.A., and G. C. HARRISON, M.A. Cloth, 1s. 6d.
Books III.-V. Edited for the use of Schools by M. T. TATHAM, M.A. Uniform with Books I. and II. Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s. 6d.
Books VI. and VII. By M. T. TATHAM, M.A. Uniform with Books III.-V. 1s. 6d.

LIVY. Book XXVI. Edited, by R. M. HENRY, M.A. 2s. 6d.

THE FABLES OF ORBILIUS. By A. D. GODLEY, M.A., Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. With Illustrations. Book I., 9d.; Book II., 1s.

EASY LATIN PROSE. By W. H. SPRAGGE, M.A., Assistant Master at the City of London School. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

DIES ROMANI. A new Latin Reading Book. Edited by W. F. WITTON, M.A., Classical Master at St. Olave's Grammar School. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

SENTENCES FOR LATIN COMPOSITION. Based upon the Exercises in "Fables of Orbilius, Part II." By Rev. A. J. SMITH, M.A. 6d.

A FIRST LATIN COURSE. By G. B. GARDINER, M.A., D.Sc., and A. GARDINER, M.A. viii+227 pages. 2s.

A SECOND LATIN READER. With Notes and Vocabulary. By GEORGE B. GARDINER, M.A., D.Sc., and ANDREW GARDINER, M.A. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

A LATIN ANTHOLOGY FOR BEGINNERS. By GEORGE B. GARDINER, M.A., D.Sc., and A. GARDINER, M.A. Cloth, 2s.

A LATIN TRANSLATION PRIMER. With Grammatical Hints, Exercises and Vocabulary. By G. B. GARDINER and A. GARDINER, M.A. 1s.

LONDON: EDWARD ARNOLD, 41 & 43 MADDOX STREET, W.